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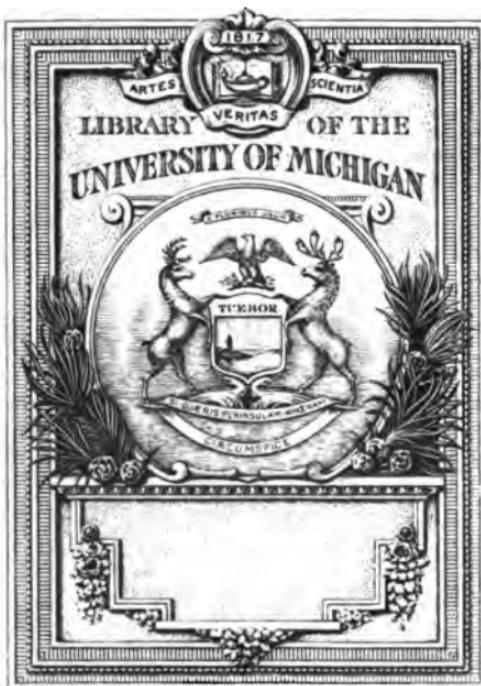
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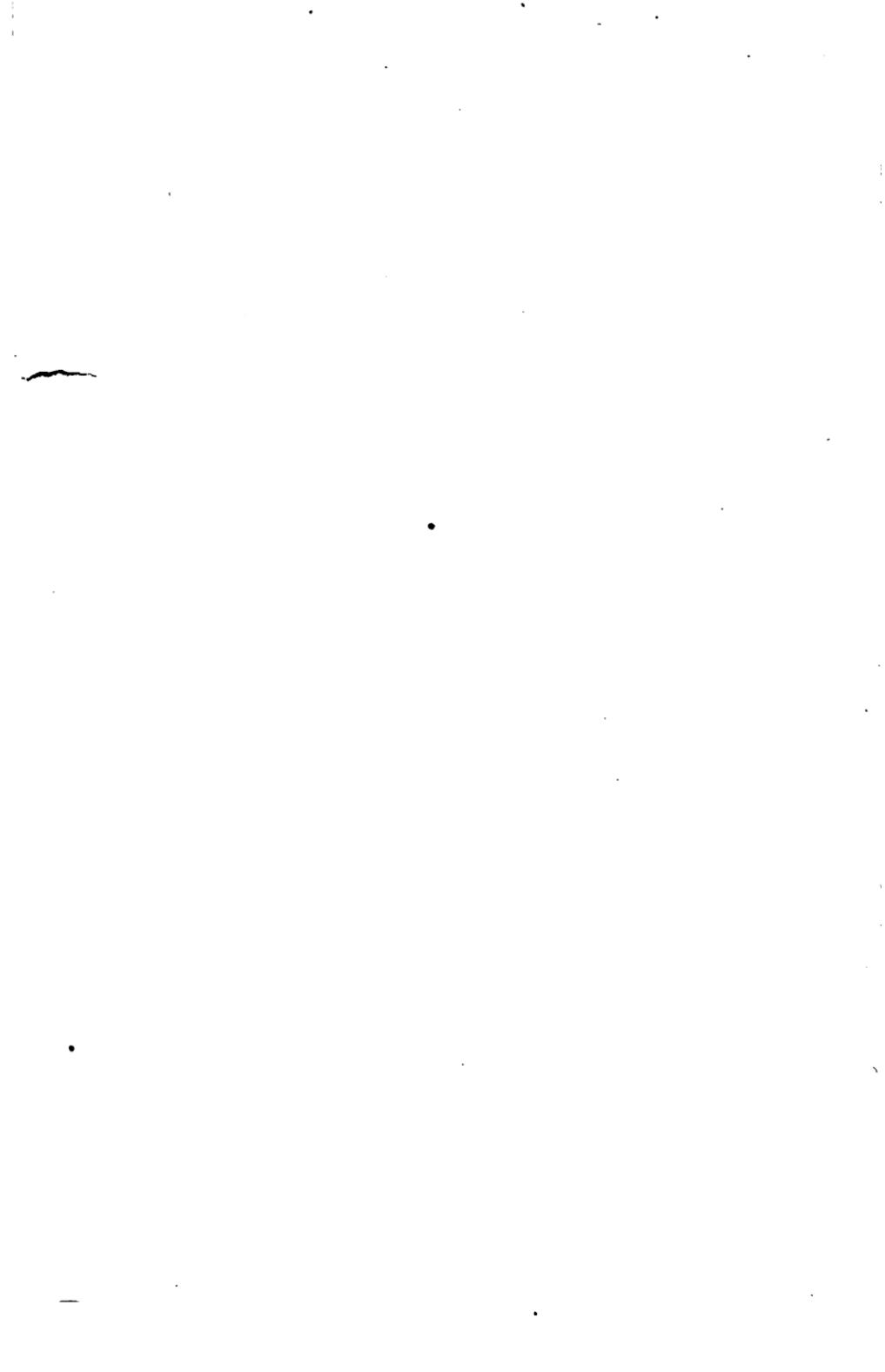
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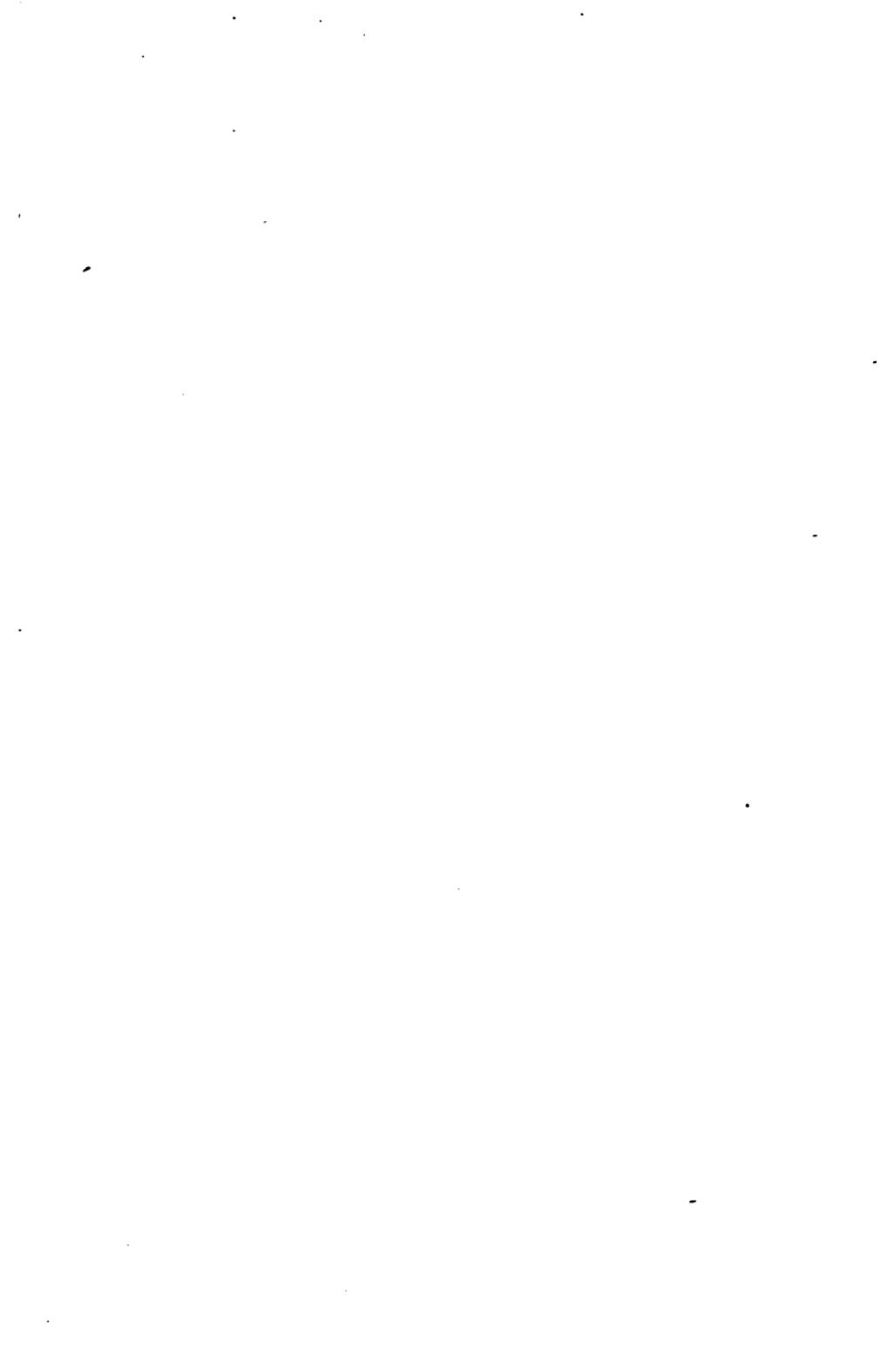


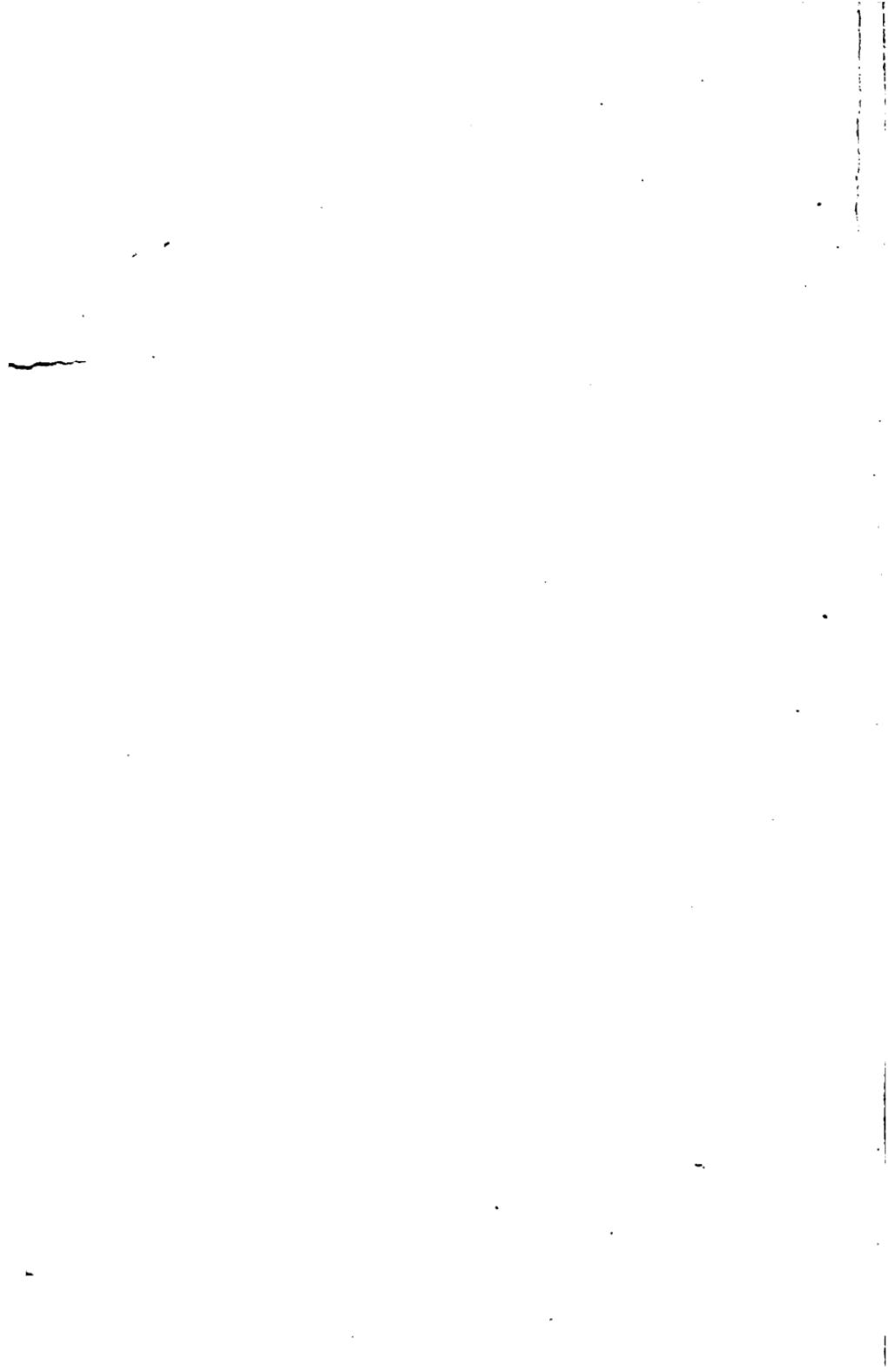
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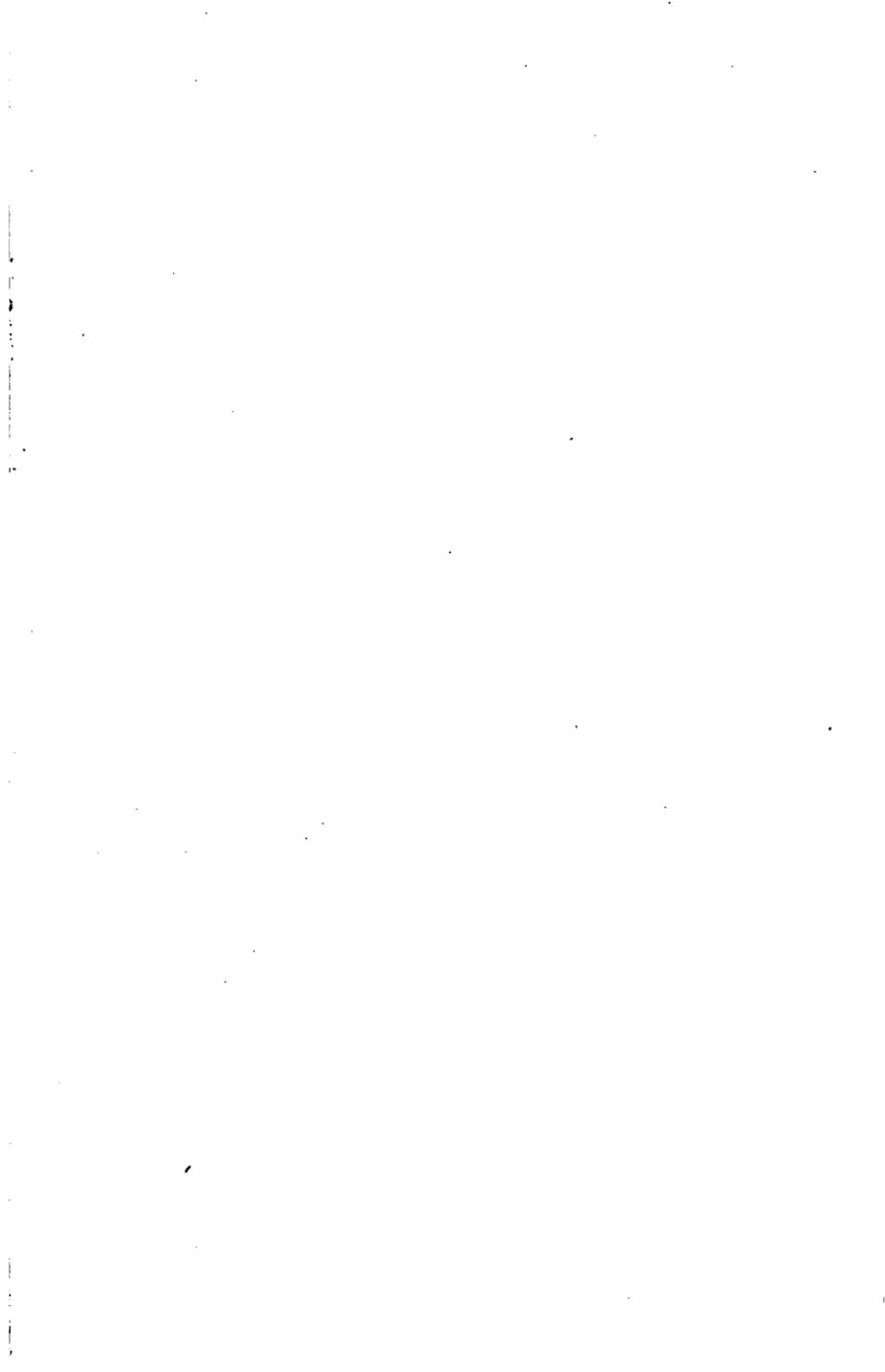
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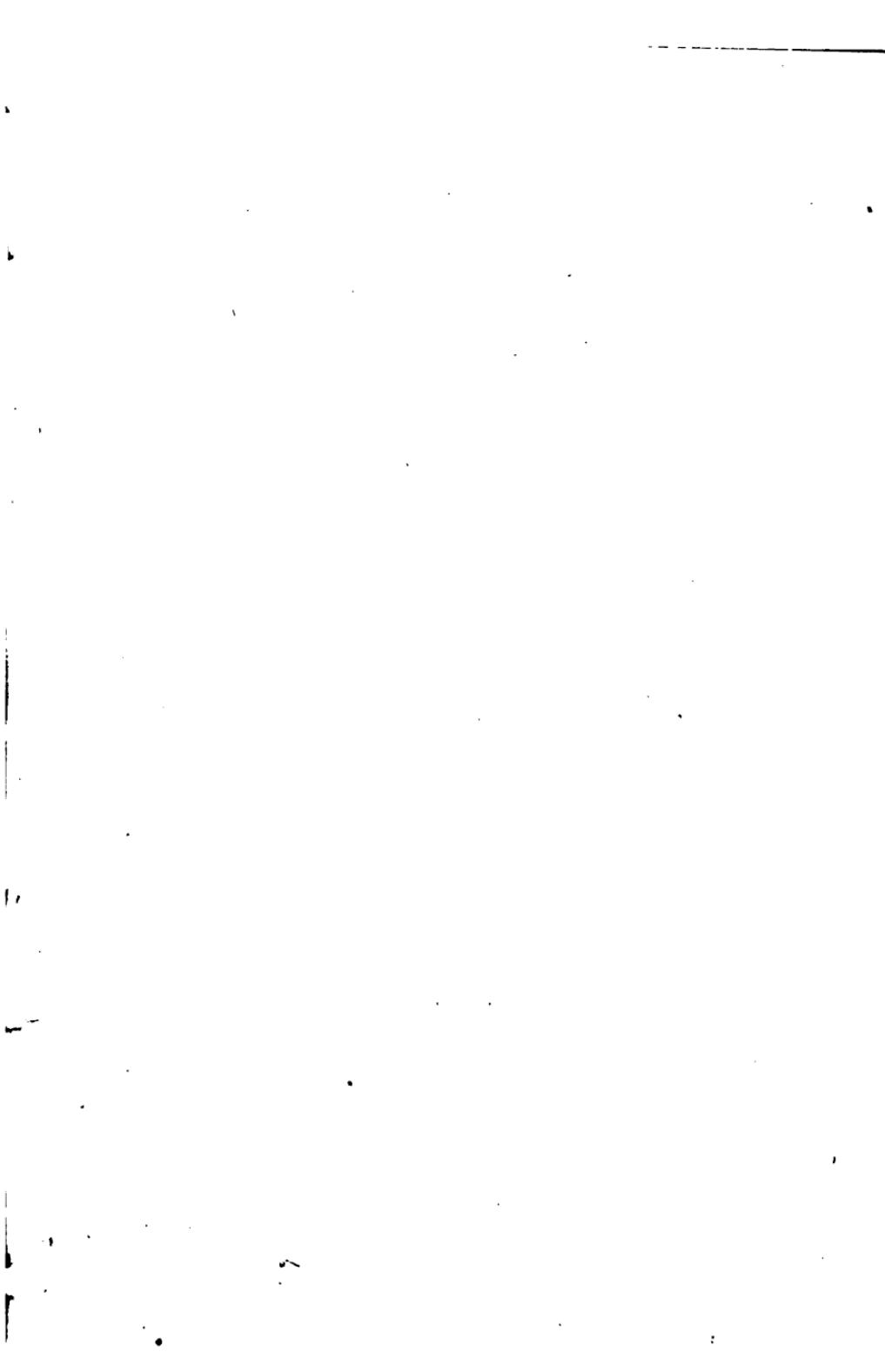


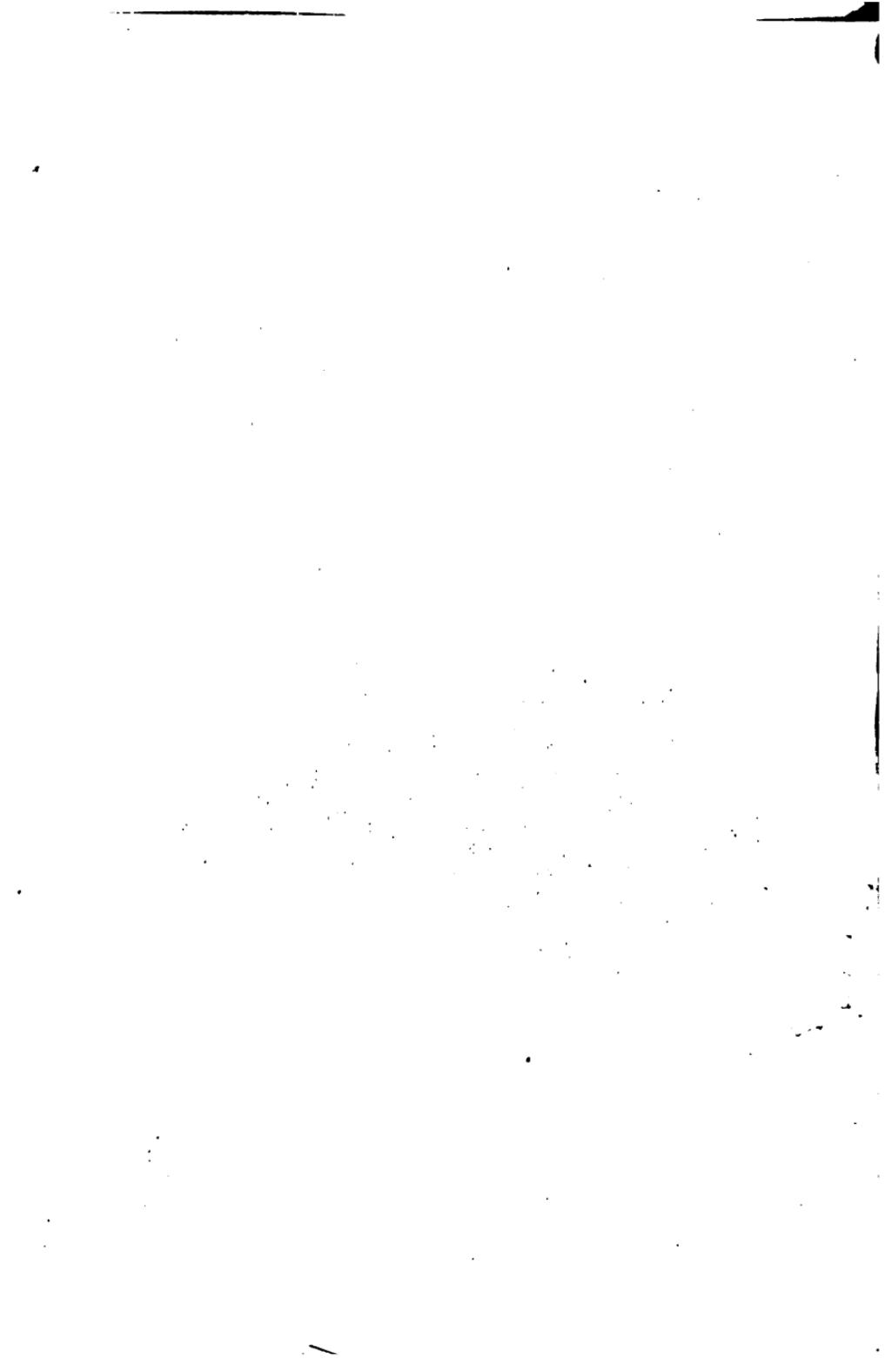


Engd by Geo E. Perine N.Y.

J. Hazard Cartell.







WANDERINGS ON PARNASSUS

POEMS

BY

J. ^{mae} HAZARD ₂ HARTZELL



NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE
1884

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BY J. HAZARD HARTZELL.**



**ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED
BY RAND, AVERY, AND COMPANY,
BOSTON.**

TO

CORINNE,

ALBERT ANKENY, AND FREDERICK BASSETT,

My Children,

WHO, IN ALL MY PROFESSIONAL LABORS, HAVE GIVEN ME
THEIR SYMPATHY AND ENCOURAGEMENT, AND
AT WHOSE EARNEST REQUEST

These Poems,

BORN OF THE HEART AT THE RESTING PLACES OF
MY PAROCHIAL DUTIES, HAVE BEEN
ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
OUT AT SEA	1
THE REIGN OF PEACE	4
NIGHT AT THE DOOR	6
SUNSET IN THE COUNTRY	9
GRAY AND BLIND	12
SUMMER.	14
CONTENTMENT	17
THE ANCIENT BELFRY	20
FREEDOM	24
THE DROUGHT IN JUNE	27
ENVY	29
MIDNIGHT	31
VENERABLE AND HONORED	34
CLOUD SHIPS ON FIRE	35
UNDER THE SNOW	37
THE EARLY SETTLERS	40
NIGHT ON THE DEEP	47

	PAGE.
QUATRAINS:—	
Tears and Smiles	50
The Bird's Egg	50
The Waxen Hand	51
Asleep in the Field	51
Sings and Flies	51
MORNING	52
EVENING	55
AUTUMN	58
AFTER THE BATTLE	61
THE FIELDS OF CORN	65
ODE TO THE SEA	69
DIANA AND APOLLO	72
WHERE THEY BIND	73
WAITING	74
FIRE ON THE HEARTH	76
MORNING ON THE OCEAN	80
THE EARLY ROBIN	82
VIRTUE	85
A STORM AT NIGHT	88
THE MELLOW EVE	90
THE REIGN OF TRUTH	93
FAMINE	97
QUATRAINS:—	
The Death of a Star	101
Sleep and Death	101
A Winter Evening	101
Dead on the Field	102
Night and Morn	102

Contents.

vii

	PAGE.
THE OLD HARPER	103
THE FUCHSIA IN WINTER	105
THANATOS	107
ON THE BRIDGE AT TWILIGHT	109
THE GLOOMY DAY	111
SPRINGTIME	113
THE GOLDEN ORIOLES	117
THE THREE GRACES	119
THE UNFAILING SPRING	121
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLHOUSE	124
WIND AND WAVE	130
ALONE IN THE FOREST	132
THE BIRD AND ITS BROOD	136
THE FALLEN FLOWER	137
THE APRIL RAIN	138
GERTRUDE	140
THE TRANQUIL HARBOR	144
A COUNTRY RAMBLE	146
FALLEN FROM THE NEST	149
MORNING-GLORIES	151
OCTOBER PICTURES	153
TOLL THE BELL	155
TEARS OF PITY	157
MELANCHOLY	159
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS	161
HYMEN	165
IT CAME AND WENT	166
GENIE	167
CHANGES	169

	PAGE.
THE FLOWER OF MERCY	171
THE LEGEND OF THE ANEMONE	173
QUATRAINS:—	
The Lamp is quenched	179
Sheathe the Sword	179
The Three Weavers	180
The Voice of the Tomb	180
A Lost Ship	180
THE GIFTS OF THE TREE	181
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR	182
OVERTAKEN	184
FROM GREEN TO GOLD	186
AUTUMN IS ENDED	188
THE REALM OF NIGHT	190
THE CAMP FIRE	192
THE END OF DAY	195
GOING TO SLEEP	198
THE ELM TREE	201
THE OWL IN THE WOOD	203
UNFORTUNATE	205
THE MOUNDS OF GREEN	207
GREEN LAKE	210
THE FALL OF LEAVES	213
THE SNOW STORM	215
THE CLOSING SCENES IN THE GREAT DRAMA	218
WORK AND WAIT	219
SUMMER NOONTIME	222
LAND!	224
THE COMING OF EASTER	227

WANDERINGS ON PARNASSUS.

OUT AT SEA.

Mare quidem commune certo est omnibus. — PLAUTUS.

THE morn was calm and bright :
The ship was moored along the crowded pier ;
Then, 'neath a flood of light,
She grandly drew away with hearty cheer.

The parting words were spoke ;
The summer rays came in a golden flow ;
The heart in tears soon broke,
And kerchiefs filled the air like sudden snow.

She bore a precious load ;
And every life was a romantic tale
From love's unvoiced abode,
And drooped with sadness 'neath the spreading sail.

Out at Sea.

The port was lined with masts
Which oft had struggled with the raging storm,
Where Ocean always casts
A look that startles from his heaving form.

The great ship moved with pride
Upon the restless waves of liquid gold,
And passed along the side
Of anchored vessels with their queenly mould.

Her flag was on the breeze ;
Her sails were full, her spirit bright and free ;
And on she tripped with ease
To meet the greeting of the potent sea.

He caught her in his arms,
And, smiling, drew her to his gallant breast ;
Then, freed from all alarms,
He sent her riding on the foamy crest.

The world of waters swept
With grandeur, strength, and wonderment, away
To where the sky low crept,
And billows rushed and reared like steeds at play.

The land we loved grew dim;
Its lines of beauty faded from our view:
The eyes began to swim,
As on we strangely ploughed through waves of blue.

We thought of home and friends;
And graves where flowers grow bright, and flash with
dew;
And love that ever bends
To watch and cheer, and bless the good and true.

The sun sank in the sea:
It burned and sparkled like a dripping shield
Borne by the brave and free
O'er bloody foes on a triumphant field.

The waves grew strange and red,
As though this shield were wet with human gore,
Where men had fought and bled
Midst flying arrows from a valiant corps.

THE REIGN OF PEACE.

SHE comes not with the roaring gun,
The stirring drum, and martial tread,
With lands laid waste beneath the sun,
And heaped in graves for valiant dead ;
With orphans' cry and widows' plea which rise,
Behind the wheels of Mars, to pitying Skies.

She comes with thrift and smiling fields,
With busy mills and dancing spools,
And glory which high learning yields,
And laden ships and crowded schools,
With Order sitting on her radiant throne,
And ruling well where Liberty has grown.

She comes to touch the gifted brain,
And teach with grace the cunning hand ;
To call invention with her train ;
To animate and help the land ;

Give wings to thought, and stairs to climbing toil,
And crowns to genius on his happy soil.

She comes to bless both church and mart,
Cheer beauty by the painter's stroke,
Praise grandeur in the sculptor's art,
Guard limpid fountains which have broke
With song from hidden springs of flashing truth,
To gladden stooping age and mounting youth.

She comes with glorious symbols strown,
Through splendid streets of wealthy towns,
And stainless triumphs won in stone,
In iron, wood, and lustrous crowns,
In noiseless wool and rustling silk from rooms
Where gorgeous fabrics drop from potent looms.

The farmer sings, and holds the plough ;
The reaper cuts and binds the grain ;
The swallows twitter in the mow ;
The daisies whiten on the plain ;
And high-born virtues bloom on every hand,
And skies of cheer bend o'er a peaceful land.

NIGHT AT THE DOOR.

THOU art standing at the door,
Drooping in a sable gown:
There are dewdrops on thy brow,
Flashing 'neath thy starry crown.

Thou hast come with noiseless feet
Over seas and lonely hills:
Thou hast heard no woodland songs,
And hast seen no daffodils.

Nor hast thou beheld the fields,
Filled with reapers and their sheaves,
Standing thick in burnished gold,
Through the vales of clover leaves.

Neither hast thou seen the sheep,
Wandering, like a snowy cloud,
Over hills where oxen feed,
When the stubble field is ploughed.

Thou hast not beheld the town,
With its ships and brilliant streets,
And its lines of moving crowds,
And its piles of classic seats.

Thou hast failed to see the bride,
Kneeling down with wreath of flowers,
And the groom with manly form,
Leading her to rosy bowers.

Neither hast thou heard the bells,
Tolling deep with saddened tone
For the burial of the dead,
In the realm of sculptured stone.

Thou art looking tired and grieved,
In thy inky flowing robe :
Thou hast had no resting-place
In thy journey round the globe.

Thou canst never catch the sun,
As away through skies he steals :
Thou mayst drive the fastest hoofs,
But ne'er see his gilded wheels.

He went rushing by this morn,
Dropping smiles on sage and clown,
Throwing from his gorgeous car
Buttercups profusely down ;

Flying with his plunging steeds,
Yoked in gold, superb and free :
He ne'er gave a backward look
To behold and beckon thee.

Muffled dame, with weary heart
That has throbbed o'er land and sea,
Lingering with thy sparkling crown,
Do come in, and rest with me.

SUNSET IN THE COUNTRY.

THE gorgeous chariot of the sun,
With massive wheels and blazing tire,
Its mighty course had nearly run,
With racers showing speed and fire.

In strong hands were the saffron reins ;
On proud necks were the collars bright ;
Down swept the steeds on shining plains,
To rest in stalls of welcome night.

The clouds took fire from glowing sparks,
From stones struck on the wondrous way,
By golden shoes which bore the marks
Of skill, where drove the god of day.

The flame spread to adjacent clouds,
Which burned like vessels strong and free,
Then leaped among the snowy shrouds,
And shook down splendor on the sea.

The clouds took every shape and hue,
From tossing ship to temple spire,
And hid the walls of changing blue,
Then passed before the gale of fire.

The sun with flaming steeds had sped
Down to the sky's resplendent rim :
The earth was struck with carmine red,
And lifted up her vesper hymn.

The hills were touched with rosy glow ;
Lone shadows fell like mantles dark ;
The weary feet o'er fields came slow,
With last notes from the meadow lark.

White heifers with their udders full,
Great oxen chewing 'neath their yoke,
Close by the barn, with folded wool,
Were pictures of vermillion stroke.

Sunset in the Country.

II

The great barn-doors were opened wide,
And showed the wealth of gathered grain :
In rushed unheard the glorious tide,
And dashed the sheaves with crimson stain.

Earth, touched by this transfiguring light,
Seemed grand beyond what tongue can tell :
All changed before admiring sight,
And soon in silence darkness fell.

GRAY AND BLIND.

His cheeks are grooved ; his lips are thin and cold ;
And quenched his glowing lamps of hope and
sight ; —

| A bending stalk on the deserted wold,
Where fall the chilling shades of rayless night.

His form is bent ; his step is weak and slow ;
His chin is sharp ; his hair is white and thin ; —
| A faded leaf that bends with autumn snow,
And shakes when sighing winds lead winter in.

He moves upon a bare and lonely plain,
A stranger to the great and thoughtless crowd :
He feels his way by tapping with his cane,
And stops to hear the robin piping loud.

The early friends who weighed his careful thought,
And praised his virtuous life, a stream with waves,
Have passed from busy fields where long they wrought,
And now are sleeping in their silent graves.

An ancient temple stands with candles quenched,
With windows broke, and arches gathering mould,
With buttressed walls, and fretted roof all wrenched,
Where changing years have worked with heat and
cold.

The loving voices of his manhood's prime,
Which stirred his heart, as winds the bounding sea,
Are sadly hushed in death's destroying clime,
And strangers muse beneath his sheltering tree.

A wandering bird on paths where thunders pealed,
Longs for its fellows on a cheerful strand ;
A lonely sheaf, untaken from the field,
Stands waiting for the reaper's gathering hand. /

Speak kindly to the man of stooping years,
Whose voiceless friends would share his grievous
load,
And let your love drive back his sighs and tears,
And smooth and cheer his long and darkened road.

SUMMER.

SEASON of warmth, green fields, and charming flowers,
Enthroned with beaming skies and sultry hours,
And pushing roses into bloom ;
When comes from buried seed the tender blade,
Which smiles from furrows by the ploughman made,
And decks the floor in nature's room.

With cheerful sunshine and refreshing shower,
She silent labors with artistic power
To keep the earth in beauty dressed :
We see her handiwork in fern and leaf,
In woodbine, clover bloom, and oaten sheaf,
Where man with songs of birds is blessed.

And thus unfolding from the hidden germ,
Come forms of wonder for the growing term,
The sweaty reaper to inspire ;

Where bees strike floral bells for nectar sweet,
And winds chase running waves of golden wheat,
With wings which droop, but never tire.

She comes with beauteous form and queenly grace,
With heaving bosom and attractive face,
And waves her wand o'er dales and hills ;
And bursting forth from darkness, as by stealth,
Are seen the farmer's pride and nation's wealth,
In grain which crowds the tireless mills.

She trips o'er pasture land and meadow plain,
And stoops with love to kiss the fields of grain,
With glittering sandals of the morn ;
And then she swells the fruit, and loads the vine ;
And, whispering through the branches of the pine,
She sends up all the hills of corn.

She makes the harvest smile 'neath pleasing beams,
When, gathering round the fountains and the streams,
The Naiads drip with rainbow spray ;
And in the festive bowers of woods and groves,
Where scented flowerets bloom by rippling coves,
The Satyrs meet till close of day.

And thus with brilliant crown and gracious reign,
She fills the laps of months with fruit and grain,
 As days with yellow wings have flown ;
Then, leaving daisies nodding on the wold,
And starring ponds with lilies rich in gold,
 She beckons Autumn to her throne.

CONTENTMENT.

Ο ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἀγγιστα θεῶν. — SOCRATES.

THOU hast been in many lands,
Through the rush of changing years,
Sowing rest in troubled hearts
Furrowed deep by anxious fears.

Thou hast plucked up care and grief
From the soil of chilling gloom,
And from rusty gates hast called
Hope from her unlighted tomb.

Thou art standing near my door,
With thy sandals wet with dew;
Thy face cheerful as a star,
Looking from its throne of blue.

Thou dost wear a winning smile,
In the place of angry frown,
Blessing all the pure and good
'Neath thy bright and rosy crown.

Thou hast knocked at palaces
Built by wealth, of marble gray,
Where Repining draped the rooms ;
But wast rudely turned away.

Thou hast climbed the gilded steps
Of the world's unrivalled kings,
Where Dejection clogged the hours ;
But wast met with poisoned stings.

Hearts are filled with grief and pain ;
Night is brooding there with clouds ;
Great and noble aims are seen
In their white and sacred shrouds.

Winds now breathe of weariness ;
Stars by mourning veils are hid ;
While the trailing robe of night
Strikes against the coffin lid.

Thou art come from wretched homes,
Where Misfortune had the lease,
Lopping off the branch of pain,
Grafting in the fruit of peace.

Enter now my anxious heart,
Drive the restless night away,
And then, from a cloudless sun,
Pour the beams of cheerful day.

THE ANCIENT BELFRY.

ABOVE the town where cloudlets stray,
And rays of morn gild stones of gray,
With grime of years the ancient belfry looms,
And gazes on the crowded street,
And listens to the pattering feet
Of those in faded rags and costly plumes.

How high it stands, and weird and lone,
Above the wheels where wealth has grown,
And stirred the country and the fevered town !
And there it scans the ruby lips,
And views the masts of queenly ships
With flags unfurled, and rusty anchors down.

It sees the birth of glorious day
On hills beyond the charming bay,
When wounded hearts in healing sleep are bound ;

Is first to hear the sound of hoofs,
When light is pouring on the roofs,
And kindling the enchanting landscape round.

And through the hours of hovering night,
Above the streets with flickering light,
It stands on guard with eyes which never tire ;
And, when wild flames from dark roofs break,
It makes the church with buttress shake,
With thundering peals to check the raging fire.

It shuts the tomb on restless ghosts,
And wakes and thrills the sleeping hosts,
When eager firemen come with flying steeds,
And rush, like those of patriot name,
To conquer the invading flame,
With valiant soul that shines 'mid noble deeds.

With heart of brass, and iron tongue,
The speed of time is watched, and rung
With heavy strokes which free the ponderous beams
From cooing doves with pearly wings,
And send abroad, in viewless rings,
Melodious notes which die like summer streams.

Through centuries of light and rain,
With battle fields on hill and plain,
Where kingdoms with their monarchs rose and fell,
This vine-clad temple stood alone,
A sleepless sentinel of stone,
And rolling o'er the bier a parting knell.

And down it looks on meek and proud ;
Sees poor and rich, in home and shroud,
And streets with sable hearse and funeral train,
Where 'neath the arch the mourners glide ;
Soon followed by the groom and bride,
Up to the altar with inspiring strain.

While broods of rooks are plumed and grown,
It drops its shade on crumbling stone
Which hold the names of the ancestral dead,
Where children troop among the flowers
Which bloom below the ivy towers,
And border graves where lies the pillow'd head.

With chancel rail in sculptured gold,
And marble font of gracious mould,
It calls with chime of bells the throng to prayer ;

And where impressive columns rise,
And pictured windows point to skies,
Religion scatters holy blessings there.

And there it soars the sun to greet,
The city waking round its feet,
And looks, with hood of gray, so lone and grand ;
And, while the world bends o'er the loom,
It rings the cycles to their tomb,
And stands a warning voice to every land.

FREEDOM.

AH ! she's majestic and of heavenly birth,
And comes with kindling thought and beaming face
To rule the senates of the battled earth,
And lift to power and fame the cultured race.

She comes with might to break the servile chains,
And lead the nations up the glorious heights ;
To curb the tyrants with their cruel reigns,
And give the people their eternal rights.

She comes with love to stop the groans and tears,
Pour light and music in the waiting hour,
And pile up fetters in the darkened years,
And give to truth and virtue thrones of power.

Where'er she rules, the people greet the light,
And find protection 'neath her sheltering wing ;
Down drops the sceptre of despotic might,
And every man of thought becomes a king.

With love and justice round her stately seat,
She guards the race against both clique and clan ;
And, striking heavy chains from bleeding feet,
She sees through rags the priceless worth of man.

In spite of titles, plumes, and gorgeous lace,
She looks with pity on the hardest lot ;
And, spurning wrong and pride and haughty place,
She lights her candle in the humblest cot.

For Freedom men have left their hills and plains,
And struck at tyranny with sword and spear ;
For Freedom men have suffered scoffs and pains,
When frowning dangers crowded thick and near.

For her they sternly faced both shot and shell,
The twanging bow with its destructive barb,
The thundering gun, and belching flame of hell,
The dungeon, loathsome cell, and prison garb.

What fields they bravely fought, and nobly won,
Whose glory and renown went spreading far;
Where come the piteous rain and cheering sun,
To grow the corn, and hide the track of war!

There Justice goes to guard their cherished name,
And wreath it in Affection's fragrant bloom;
And Honor to uphold their spotless fame,
And drop a tear upon their sacred tomb.

THE DROUGHT IN JUNE.

THE sun shot forth his fiery rays
On restless seas and burning sand :
No showers swept through our heated days
To cheer and beautify the land.

The earth was parched ; the springs were dry ;
And withered were the grass and corn ;
The shining crescent lit the sky,
A grainless sickle, till the morn.

The roads were filled with dust and heat ;
The streams all weakened in their flow ;
And dews refused to touch the feet
Of flocks that fed in fields below.

The plough was followed in the field ;
The hoe was buried in the soil ;
But thirsty furrows could not yield
Their hidden wealth to earnest toil.

The farmer scanned his fields so bare,
And sighed that Mercy was no more ;
While Famine whined, he thought, in air,
And crouched around the opened door.

A frowning cloud came muttering in,
And spread above the suffering plain ;
The thunder rolled with crashing din,
And earth drank in the gladdening rain.

ENVY.

*Invidia Siculi non invenire tyranni
Tormentum majus.*

JUVENAL.

It finds a home in cold and narrow breasts,
And shuns the light and openness of day ;
It smiles and bows 'neath black and waving crests,
And then, with frowns and stabs, keeps love away.

Not face of candor, but pretence, it wears,
And works with sneering lip and noxious pen ;
Beneath a friendly cloak it strikes, and tears
The mantle of renown on gifted men.

It carries forward deep and jealous feuds,
And feeds in silence on malicious gall ;
It finds its pulse in dark and dangerous moods,
And heartless plans for every rival's fall.

It tramples honor in its maddened rush
To stop the swelling tones of generous praise
To Power and Genius in their morning flush,
Whose sun is rising with enkindling rays.

It is a viper with a poisoned fang,
That crawls and bites where flowers have lately
sprung ;
And, leaving in the breast a deadly pang,
It coldly slips away with darting tongue.

It looks at Greatness with malignant eyes,
And frowns on Merit with relentless hate ;
It gives to anxious Falsehood wings to rise,
And hands to hungry Ruin keys to fate.

It is a vulture with a bloody beak,
That tears the fame of earth's surpassing minds ;
Then flies to hills of darkness cold and bleak,
And wipes its talons from the stain it finds.

The foulest passion of the human heart,
It lives and works beneath a frowning sky ;
It throws in secret its envenomed dart,
And is the last of all the train to die.

MIDNIGHT.

THE world is hushed, and like a giant sleeps
From tasks of matchless skill and wondrous strength ;
And through the skies the planets pace their rounds,
Like noiseless sentinels with shield and helm,
And drop their silver beams on lucid streams,
Which hold their sparkling forms in tranquil depths ;
While darkness, like a wandering spirit, goes
With dripping sandals over hills and vales,
And lingers in the lonely mountains, where
Was heard the shepherd's reed or hunter's horn.

The woods look dark and weird in sombre garb,
Where birds came weary from the fading light,
And found their perch among the sleeping leaves
That danced through sunny hours to playing winds ;
While valleys stretch beneath the anxious sight,

Where ploughmen drove among the standing corn,
And mowers dropped the grass in heavy swaths,
And meadows rang aloud with sharpening stroke
Upon the sluggish scythe.

Now everywhere

All objects seem to change their startling forms,
And challenge sight in its uncertain reach,
And, meeting man with their mysterious shapes,
Impress the mind with fear and solemn thought ;
While beaten road and littered field give sound
Of cautious feet, and tell the listening night,
Where moves the wanderer beneath the stars
That gaze with silent lips and flashing eyes.

The house upon the hill, with lighted pane,
And mantled in the garb of drooping elm,
Shows sickness working on the restless frame,
And Mercy bending o'er the painful couch,
Where Love is driving back the threatening cloud ;
And Hope is painting there a golden morn,
Though hearts, like trees bedashed with piteous rain,
Drop tears upon the voiceless hearth ; and where
The clock, with saddened face and halting speech,
Unwinds the thread of Time, and strikes the Hour
Which reaches all the listening rooms.

Serene

And tranquil is this searching time, disturbed
Only by baying dog on distant heath ;
Or voice of solemn owl in dreary wood,
That sadly moves the heart with its lament ;
Or sound of wheel upon some forest road,
Which breaks the stillness of the brooding hour ;
Or moan of luckless traveller, for whose gold
The coward robber struck the stunning blow,
And hurried over the accusing fields,
Like pilfering Night at the approaching steps
Of the detecting Sun.

And now, behold !

The moon in majesty and silence comes,
With flashing crown, upon a sapphire throne ;
And earth is washed white with a radiant flood,
And loses to the sight the guilty stain ;
While from the placid streams in sweeping vales
Reflected splendor charms the gazing soul,
Till Morning fastens on her saffron robes,
And smiles in Glory on the waking world.

VENERABLE AND HONORED.

Δρυὸς πεσούσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται. — MENANDER.

HE stands there like an aged oak,
Upon whom many storms have broke,
With shrivelled hands and wrinkled face,
And bears the weight of years with grace ;
And, while the winds of winter pierce and blow,
He looms there lone and grand, and white with snow.

He lies there like an aged oak,
Uprooted by the tempest stroke,
But regal, great, and noble still,
Whose name and fame the country fill :
Now crownless, throneless, and from wild winds free,
Let men show honor to the fallen tree.

CLOUD SHIPS ON FIRE.

ON lucent sea of western sky,
There hung a pile of snowy clouds ;
The sun went down with dazzling torch,
And ships arose with glittering shrouds.

They moved with grace and splendor there,
With towering masts and bellied sails,
But left no wake upon the deep,
Where flapped the wings of odorous gales.

A moment more, they broke in flame
Which swept in waves like fields of grain,
When blazing sails and burning masts
Soon dyed like blood the shuddering main.

No bells were rung ; no hoofs were urged
To curb the fire, and save the crew ;
No stream was thrown ; no voice was heard,
Where gorgeous ruin swiftly flew.

The sails of grandeur disappeared
In ashes on the sheltering lee ;
The masts in pieces burned away,
And tumbled on the frightened sea.

The winds arose with viewless might
Beneath a sky of changing gray ;
The blackened hulls rode crimson waves,
And then in darkness passed away.

UNDER THE SNOW.

THE world is dark ; the night is wild ;
No stars look down with silver glow :
In sacred shroud a darling child
Lies wrapped in sleep beneath the snow.

The chair is empty in the room ;
The pane is struck by winds that rave ;
The heart goes through the chilling gloom,
And throbs around the whitened grave.

The dress is moist with bitter tears,
And laid with careful hands away ;
The mind looks back through opened years,
And sees the childish feet at play.

The heart recalls the winning ways,
The sparkling thought and pleasing grace,
When clouds ne'er shadowed sunny days,
And beauty wreathed a charming face.

The cage looks strange ; the bird is flown ;
No music greets the morning ray ;
The flower is plucked ; its leaves are strown,
. And welcomes not the coming day.

The earth is cold ; the sky is drear ;
The snowbird near the window feeds ;
Gloom thickly drapes the mourning year,
And clogs the springs of thrilling deeds.

The future seems a darkened wood ;
The paths are lost 'neath crisping leaves ;
The trees stand close with sombre hood,
And give no sign of burnished sheaves.

The universe is robbed and stripped :
It loses all its golden bars ;
The clouds from all their beds have slipped,
And veiled the sun and glittering stars.

But Time unlocks a brighter thought,
When violets peep, and cowslips blow :
A higher place for Souls is wrought
Than lonely graves beneath the snow.

And with the faith they live and love
'Midst richer fields and sweeter flowers,
Which stretch in pictured lands above,
The world comes back with brighter hours.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

THEY wedded in the gladsome spring,
When earth was decked in smiling flowers ;
And birds came back to build and sing,
And fill with music sunny hours.

Like lone streams in the mountains born,
Which flashed where rocks were wild and high,
They met with gladness in the morn
Which dropped love from a cloudless sky.

The fair and young, with stooping age,
Assembled 'neath the marriage bower,
Where, in life's book, a charming page
Was read in that delightful hour.

The bride was robed in spotless white,
With rosebuds blushing in her hair;
While down the satin folds the light
Of peace and love flowed silent there.

The groom was browned from heat and cold,
But handsome in his home-made cloth,
With noble form from kingly mould,
And heart untouched by cankering sloth.

Then up the farm so bright and green,
They climbed with hope and loving heart,
With blessings from the bridal scene,
As thick as rays when roses start.

They built their cottage near the woods,
And taught the flowers to climb and grow;
And, humble in their worldly goods,
They drank from life its sweetest flow.

They rose to greet the coming sun
With cheeks that bore the bloom of health;
And there, beneath his noiseless run,
They made each day a step to wealth.

Here oxen drew the shining plough
With slowness o'er the stony field ;
Here cattle roamed the mountain brow,
And eager cropped the clover yield.

They wove their garments from the fleece
Of sheep that roamed the upper plain ;
They found the flower of gentle peace
Untouched by blight of bitter pain.

They gathered from the harvest field
The wealth of grass and yellow grain,
And from the orchard limbs the yield
Of mellow fruit with ruddy stain.

And from the precious seed they sowed,
With trusting faith, upon the wind,
They built the schoolhouse near the road,
To guide and cheer the youthful mind.

They knew it was the throne of power,
Which lifts the child of humble name ;—
The clock that strikes the hopeful hour,
And points the youth to place and fame.

And when they heard the sabbath bell
Sounding among their quiet hills,
They passed beyond the moss-grown well,
When morn was filled with woodland trills;

They slowly walked with solemn thought,
On to the House of praise and prayer;
And heard the Word the preacher brought,
With reverence in the hushing air.

With silent feet sped teeming years,
And children into manhood grew;
Smiles chased away life's bitter tears,
As light and shade they journeyed through.

And while the winters came with snow,
And whitened all the mountains bare,
They made the stream of life move slow,
And silvered o'er the raven hair.

Like birds that find their mates, and fly
To lands of warmth and beckoning fields,
Their children 'neath a hopeful sky
Struck paths where thrift to labor yields.

And there among the granite hills,
Down-looking on the fertile vales,
The aged pair with joyous thrills
Would catch the sound of measured flails.

They then recalled the scenes long flown,
When they unbound the amber sheaves,
And gathered from the meadows mown,
The clover with its sweetened leaves.

And they reviewed the gatherings, too,
When neighbors in the evening came
To chase the hours with feet that flew,
When all the candles leaped in flame;

When shrouds of snow inwrapt the dead
Of beauteous summer still and cold ;
When birds from woods and fields had fled,
And earth was arched with stars of gold.

And there they dwelt, and thought of years,
Long gone with love's unbroken vow ;
And found, with springs of hopes and fears,
Deep furrows 'bove the whitened brow.

Through all the changes of their road,—
Their skies with storms and calms o'erhung,—
They bravely bore each other's load,
And kept their hearts both sweet and young.

Like trees in groves where sings the thrush,
And vines of grace climb round and bloom,
Their souls grew rich in autumn flush,
Where flowers of love found twining room.

And o'er their threshold nothing crossed
But sterling virtues in their glow,
Where boughs of fruited trees were tossed,
And shook their blossoms down like snow.

But shadows on the walls there loomed :
Devotion moved with silent tread ;
The wick of life was all consumed ;
A painful wonder fringed the dead.

Upon a mound of tranquil green,
Where charming flowers the sunshine laves,
And beauty decks the sacred scene,
Are two serene and peaceful graves.

And thus through all our Northern land,
Whose sons grew brave, and faced the West
With nimble brain and cunning hand,
The early settlers lie at rest.

NIGHT ON THE DEEP.

NIGHT, like a sable bird,
Shook darkness from her wings on ocean wild ;
Without a whispered word,
The stars peered down through clouds in grandeur
piled.

Behind the ship there flowed
The heaving waters with their feathery spire,
Where every billow glowed
With topaz, radiant pearl and diamond fire.

They flashed like meeting streams,
With matchless splendor in their rush and glow,
Where stars rained down their beams,
And waves were ruffled like the wind-swept snow.

We walked the rolling deck,
And spied a vessel creeping far away:
It dwindled to a speck,
Then passed from sight to climb the coming day.

It was a lonely sail,—
A mantled stranger, wandering o'er the deep —
That gave no cheering tale
To hearts that pressed the vacant throne of sleep.

Then rose a whispering gale,
When lingering clouds from lighted stars withdrew;
The moon with silver veil
Appeared, and smiled from regal halls of blue.

We heard the voice of waves,
As on they rushed and laughed to their retreat,
And thought of hidden caves,
Where mermaids, in their shining vesture meet.

The sky bent cold and blue
O'er all the trackless waste of seething flood,
Where eagles never flew
With scanning eye, and talons stained with blood.

We heard the sound of bell :
Its solemn tones rang o'er the mighty deep,
Where billows rose and fell,
And gave the welcome hour to anxious sleep.

Winds through the cordage sighed,
And waters knocked at every blackened door ;
The sea was deep and wide,
And, wrapped in dreams, we walked the emerald floor.

QUATRAINS.**TEARS AND SMILES.**

THE storm came down and put the flower in tears,
Then passed with skirts of gray;
The sun rushed out and overtook the flower,
And kissed its tears away.

THE BIRD'S EGG.

Here lies a hidden secret, strange and deep,
Which puzzles all the thinkers, clear and strong,
Till through the shell come painted wings that sweep,
And golden bills which scatter notes of song.

THE WAXEN HAND.

She loved not only birds, but smiling flowers,
And gathered them from field and pearly strand ;
And, when tears dripped unseen thro' sombre hours,
She held a lily in her waxen hand.

ASLEEP IN THE FIELD.

He mused, and fell asleep at evening-tide,
Where Day's last gilded arrow fell and broke ;
The gates of darkness opened still and wide,
And, struck by Night's out-flowing robe, he woke.

SINGS AND FLIES.

A lovely bird sang from memorial stone,
And scattered joyous notes with coming day ;
The cherished dead unmoved slept on alone,
And then the singer ceased and flew away.

MORNING.

It was an hour which dewy silence fills,
Broke by the rumble of a distant wheel,
When Night withdrew her wings from sleeping hills,
And Morn o'er all the world began to steal.

The sky commenced to redden in the east ;
The cock blew peals from his awakening horn ;
The stars withdrew from their nocturnal feast,
When from the womb of night the day was born.

With rosy streaks the sky began to glow
Along the rim where Night her flag had furled,
When outward rolled the saffron curtains slow,
To let the Sun advance, and cheer the world.

He struck with glistening sandals fields of blue,
And wore a robe that dazzled like his crown ;
He kindled all the heavens which dropped the dew,
And poured a golden flood o'er hill and town.

The lark rose gladly in the flush of morn,
With flame of fire enriching breast and wings,
Where sweetest notes of throated joy were born,
Which widened on the sea of air in rings.

The flowing light was like exciting wine,
As Phoebus rose above the mountain curl,
And hid Orion with his radiant sign,
And decked the bridal earth with lustrous pearl.

The hills looked freshened with their mossy rocks,
Where smiling grass the fertile soil had found ;
When rose with snowy fleece unnumbered flocks,
And sent their bleating through the country round.

The trees in grandeur stood, like ancient kings,
In sparkling diamonds from the dewy mine,
And wore the noble crowns which greatness brings,
As though they came announced in royal line.

The cities woke with bells' arousing peals,
And felt fresh vigor in their winding veins ;
The streets resounded with their busy wheels,
And factories sent their breath to distant plains.

The ships that struggled through the anxious night,
With weary fog asleep on rocking waves,
Beheld their course as downward streamed the light ;
And on they ploughed above unlettered graves.

The Day had come in glory and in power,
And took the world from Night's confining chain,
And filled with joyous strength the beaming hour,
And planted hope where dark despair had lain.

EVENING.

THE day is gone through gates of flashing gold,
And drops the welcome hour which brings release,
And, smiling back upon the tranquil wold,
In silence leaves the fretted earth at peace.

The mellow sky bends down with soothing calm,
With rosy light that floods the distant hills,
Where sighing pines rise like the stately palm,
And all is silent save the laughing rills.

The shadows lengthen on the dales of green,
And creep in stillness o'er the limpid streams ;
The flowers look brilliant where the sun has been,
And poured upon their crowns his radiant beams.

The breeze brings sweetness from the meadow land ;
The brook breathes coolness from sequestered dells ;
The tinted lake plays with the silvery sand ;
And laden bees return to clammy cells.

The wood thrush, with the richest music fills
The grove where ferns bend o'er the wreck of
death ;
The cows wind slowly down the grassy hills,
With swollen bags, and sweetness on their breath.

The air is filled with fragrance from the fields,
Borne by the wings of the refreshing gale ;
The clouds move round, and lift their burning shields ;
And milkmaids sing, and fill the foaming pail.

The stalwart mower piles his scented rows ;
The sturdy ploughman leaves the growing corn ;
And, 'neath the sky where changing splendor flows,
They seek their cottage with its flowering thorn.

From rocky steep and thorny land just broke,
Where herds have roamed and grazed with restless
feet,
The patient oxen from the heavy yoke,
Are turned with quiet eye to pastures sweet.

The purple light inwraps the mountain crest ;
The blooming mead with flashing stream grows
dim ;
The weary world at last withdraws to rest ;
And through the balmy air the swallows skim.

Day's golden steps fade from the darkening sky ;
The sparkling dew falls round like beaded strings ;
The pleased stars appear with twinkling eye ;
And solemn Night outspreads her raven wings.

AUTUMN.

THE days of gold have come upon the hills,
And dreamy sunshine all the brown earth fills,
With plumes of scarlet nodding 'mong the pines,
And trees of crimson burning 'long the lines

Of woods where fields so green and quiet run,
And catch the mellow light of hazy sun,
And speak of clover mown, and labor done.

The apples redder on the grouping trees,
Amid whose branches goes the playful breeze,
And moves the foliage, wandering free and mute,
Where farmers climb and pick the ripening fruit

Which gives the glow of wealth to every limb ;
Where brindled oxen come with horns so trim,
And thanks are lifted in autumnal hymn.

The faded corn is shocked with gleaming ears ;
The winter wheat has come with countless spears,
Where pumpkins large and round, with orange cheek,
Were found with vines whose leaves were broad and
meek,
And borne 'neath twittering rafters, where the
grain,
In yellow bands, reaped by the harvest train,
Was piled in deep rows from the searching rain.

The fragrant grapes hang from the burdened vine
In tempting clusters with their gloss and wine ;
While in the orchard bending down to bless,
Men with brown russets fill the crushing press ;
Where bees with hurrying wings begin to meet
To gather for their gluey cells the sweet
They'll feast upon, when come the snow and sleet.

The flowers are with the heavy colors flushed,
Where beams of light with silent footsteps rushed,
And left them rich and grand with artist stroke,
Like sumach, maple, and the monarch oak ;
While on the hills in warmth of rays that meet,
The nuts are full and ripe, and brown and sweet,
And dropped, the rustic on the leaves to greet.

Thus Nature through the golden curtains torn,
Gives all the good her crowded horn has borne,
To men, to beasts, and birds that rise on wing
And under southern skies to build and sing ;
Whilst from the orb of day a glory spills,
And Splendor trails along the vales and hills,
And with deep thanks the thoughtful bosom fills.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguae.—CICERO.

THE battle's fought, the vanquished fled ;
And silent is the roaring gun ;
The dead are piled in mangled heaps,
And slowly sinks the shuddering sun.

The field is strewn with guns and wheels,
With bloody swords and dying steeds :
It shows the path of Battle's storm,
Where Valor holds the ground, and bleeds.

Here Carnage, with his spattered face,
Passing from youth to gray haired sire,
Peers wildly o'er the awful field
From riddled tent and smouldering fire.

The shadows gather o'er the slain ;
The smoke in columns drifts away ;
And with her stained and trailing robe
Departs the sad and weeping day.

The blazing cannon of the field,
And raging fury of the storm,
Are stilled beneath a solemn calm
Which broods around the lifeless form.

How voiceless is the rousing drum !
How silent is the stirring fife !
Whose sounds went forth with crash and roar,
When Death came on the ground of strife.

See wild Confusion's dreadful reign,
And grim Destruction's crushing hand ;
See where the tide of battle turned,
And mixed with streams which stained the land.

'Mid trumpets hushed, and standards torn,
And littered waste of Battle's tread,
And Ruin with his gory hoofs,
Here sleep in piles the weary dead.

See Mercy with her anxious lamp,
And Pity with her moistened eye,
Now lift the sleepers, gashed and pale,
And lay them 'neath the mourning sky.

With splendid pomp and shaking tread,
With rolling drum and sounding horn,
With glittering steel and streaming flag,
They moved beneath a radiant morn.

Great and imposing was the scene,
As columns swelled in surging waves :
The pageant was sublime and grand,
As squadrons wheeled with flashing glaves.

Like glory in the Autumn woods,
When all the trees are bright with gold,
Whose leaves are struck by wailing winds,
And scattered o'er the faded wold ; —

The mighty host with brilliant form,
And glowing in the morning light,
Lies stripped and broke, and widely strewn,
Where drops the cloak of hurrying Night.

In cities, music fills the streets,
And bells ring forth their joyous peal
In honor of the victory gained,
Where grateful crowds like billows kneel.

But widows droop with burdened grief,
And orphans lift a piercing wail:
Here Sorrow opes her turbid fount,
And Want comes lean and deadly pale.

Let sun and shower o'er battle grounds,
In mercy spread the vales of green,
All spangled with the brightest flowers,
Where blood and death have lately been.

Let ploughman sow the precious seed ;
Let shepherds cut the creamy fleece ;
Let vintners pluck the luscious fruit,
And patriots sing the Hymn of Peace.

THE FIELDS OF CORN.

O'ER many roods of restless blades
The sunburnt farmer goes ;
And there, till day's resplendence fades,
He ploughs among the rows.

From purple eve to crimson morn,
The furrows smile and grow ;
The moon hangs out her silver horn,
And pours her light below.

Through sunny days and yellow weeks,
With clouds that melt in tears,
The glory of the harvest speaks
In all the silken ears.

The wind stirs with the rosy dawn,
And strikes the dewy plain :
And, flying swifter than the fawn,
It bends the stalks of grain.

The tassels spread 'neath cheering rays,
And plume the kingly form ;
The furrows lift the creamy maize,
And greet the welcome storm.

When all the woods are hung with green,
And hills are strewn with sheaves,
When flowers blush deep where bees have been,
The ears grow fast like leaves.

Through secret toil and brooding heat,
When faith and hope are born,
Through light and rain with tripping feet,
We have our fields of corn.

The crow up-whirls from woods hard by,
And beats the azure field,—
A sooty flake beneath the sky,—
And scans the promised yield.

The squirrel comes from mantled trees
Which line these fields of wealth ;
And, when light flows in rippling seas,
He strips the ear by stealth.

When fields of green turn sear and brown,
And woods grow rich with stain,
And orchards bend with pippins down,
And barns are choked with grain ;

When Autumn hangs his sumptuous robes
Out in the glowing morn
Which hides the lamps of distant globes,—
Then gleams the ripened corn.

The fields of maize grow yellow white,
With faded garments torn,
'Neath crystal frost and amber light,
With all their beauty shorn ;

Then hardened hands, with sharpened blades,
Drop down the sweetened stalks,
And stand them, 'fore night's coming shades,
In rich and weighty shocks.

At last, above the hills of dusk,
The moon begins to steal ;
And men pluck from the rustling husk
What turns to golden meal.

ODE TO THE SEA.

O THOU unknown, sublime, and awful power !
With thy unreined, unheld, and rushing flood,
Whose rolling tread upon the sweeping beach
Alarms the land, and moves the lips of fear :
We watch thy heaving strength and tumbling surf,
Until the soul ascends the steps of prayer,
And reverence bows to thy majestic reign.

The massive rock here checks thy furious speed,
And throws thy white-maned steeds, all riderless
And reinless, back on the tumultuous field,
Where snowy crests and countless forms are mixed,
Confused and claimless in commotion wild
And turbulence dire, like a troop of horse
Upon a conquered field with bugles still.

Thou hast the look of peace in tranquil moods,
When gently smoothed are all thy crested waves,
Like wrinkles shaken from the cloudy robe
Of queenly morn by the obedient winds ;
And thy face wears the smiles of cloudless suns,
As though delight had struck thy throbbing heart,
And turned thy lips to kiss the beckoning shore,
Whose jewelled hand smooths down thy flowing locks,
And gives composure to thy troubled breast.

And there upon thy placid surface falls
The shadow of the cloudlet sailing lone,
With milky wings spread like a wandering bird
Lost from its flock ; while thy benignant face
Speaks of the gentle peace which dwells within ;
And the unmoving ship, with languid sails,
Tells of the quiet sleep of weary winds.

But when the storm breaks loose, and stirs thy pulse,
And rolls its wheels of thunder o'er thy depths,
We see thy anger and appalling strength
In the impetuous rush of mountain waves
Which drive with furious might the gallant ships,
And toss them there like playthings on the foam
Which fringes every billow like the rifts
Of drifting snow ; or throws them on the shore,
Alas ! with broken spars and shivered beams,

All sailorless, where hungry birds soon come
With startling cries, and spread their frightful wings
Above the lonely wreck.

Thy shores are walled,
And from thy yawning depths, what tempests sweep !
What cyclones rise ! and what distressing moans
And piteous sobs come forth, as from the heart
Of suffering mortals in the throes of grief !
And then what mighty force and smiting dread
In all thy rushing movements great and free,
With thrilling grandeur on thy speeding wave,
With snowy plume, and with the loving smile
Of the attractive moon, delighted now
To follow her around the world.³¹

And see,
Above thy brow are ploughed no grooves of Time,
Upon thy form are stamped no signs of Death ;
While sovereign empires, with their guarded thrones
And burnished crowns, have slowly crumbled down,
Their gorgeous splendor like a sunset gone,
With ships of beaten gold 'fore wasting gloom ;
But thou remainest fresh and young as when
The morning stars beheld thy joyous birth,
And sang aloud their first inspiring hymn.

DIANA AND APOLLO.

DIANA hung above the dewy field,
Alone, with viewless hand, her silver shield ;
And when the brow of night grew cold and damp,
Apollo rose and lit his golden lamp.

And when Apollo fled the western hills,
And darkness fell on all the murmuring rills,
Diana rose again with fulgent crown,
And, smiling, poured a flood of radiance down.

WHERE THEY BIND.

IN valleys roused by savage ire,
Where blood broke loose from midnight dreams,
And scalps fell round the smouldering fire,
The reapers bind near peaceful streams.

On hillsides ploughed by cannon wheel,
Where soldiers worked the flame-mouthing guns,
And horses rushed on flashing steel,
The reapers bind 'neath smiling suns.

WAITING.

THE clouds like gallant ships are drifting :
Now Chill with spur bestrides the wind ;
The streams their voices loud are lifting,
While mills unlocked begin to grind ;
The snow from street and farm is going,
And paths and fields again appear ;
The light of warmer skies is flowing :
Spring soon will come and deck the year.

We look, and list for her bright greeting
From Southern groves and mellow suns,
Where birds of song spread wings at meeting
For Northern hills and babbling runs ;
To see her face with gladness beaming,
Her white arms filled with brilliant flowers,
Wreaths from her rosy fingers streaming,
And fragrance stealing from her bowers.

We wish to see the primrose blowing,
 The crocus lift its crown of gold,
The beauty of the tulip glowing,
 The dandelion emblaze the wold,
The woods in leaf with grassy border,
 The brooks which flow from mountain springs,
And fruited trees in blooming order,
 When earth turns green 'neath sweep of wings.

FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

FROM the meadows and the mountains
Day has gone with golden feet,
Peering through the western window
Back on field and throngèd street.

Silent creep the chilling shadows
O'er the mead and purling stream,
Deepening into lonely darkness,
Smitten by the glistening beam.

Let the blaze roar up the chimney ;
Banish hate and sputtering ire ;
Close the blind and drop the curtain ;
Gather round the evening fire.

Now for ballad or for story :

Let the hour, the clock will tell,
Pass away with murmuring sweetness,
Like the peal of distant bell.

Tell the story of the woodman,

When his forest work was done ;
How the cornfield and the meadow
Opened to receive the sun ;

Or the story of the seaman,

Leaving shores of glittering sands,
Riding o'er the crested billow
To discover virgin lands.

Tell the story of the painter

Who was wedded to his art,
And, with triumphs on the canvas,
Touched a nation's loving heart ;

Or the story of the poet,

Soaring in a sunny clime,
And, inspired by thrilling beauty,
Scattering thought in splendid rhyme ;

Or the hunter in the forest
On the leaves of rustling brown,
Firing on the hungry panther
That with cries fell crashing down;

Or the soldier, who for country,
Called by stroke of Freedom's bell,
Left the furrow with his musket,
And, in battle charging, fell.

Artists, grouped behind the footlights,
Take with ease some striking part,
And, with shifting scenes and costume,
Show the traits of every heart.

Music stirs the breast of listeners,
Moves the actors, star and clown;
Genius calls forth storms of plaudits,
Finis rings the curtain down.

There is silence in the building;
The applauding crowd is gone;
Actors hurry into darkness:
Thus the changing world moves on.

Ah ! the hours are swiftly passing :
See, the fire is burning low ;
All the company have departed,
And the night winds round me blow.

I alone sit musing, thinking,
Looking back to youthful days,
Till my heart is moved by faces
Peering 'neath the dying blaze.

Ashes cover sleeping embers ;
Shadows climb upon the walls ;
Eyelids drop with weight of slumber ;
Angels smile from azure halls.

MORNING ON THE OCEAN.

THE Dawn climbed up the east,
In flowing robes which opened on the air,
From Isles of song and feast,
And blushed when looking from an azure stair.

Then soon from sparkling waves,
There flashed the forehead of the rising sun,
Whose form the ocean laves,
When radiant day in silence is begun.

The sun with glowing face
Arose from depths below the monsters' lair ;
And then with matchless grace
Shook all the water from his golden hair.

The morn was fresh and free,
And Life drank deep from all the briny air :
 No view but sky and sea
Could strike the eye that roamed with studious care.

The sea grew still and calm :
'Twas like a flashing mirror, smooth and bright ;
 The air hung full of balm,
And glowed with purple rays of morning light.

Then came a breath of wind
Unseen, from mountains of the sinking west :
 Our good ship tossed behind
The startled waters from their broken rest.

A grand ship hove in sight,
With towering mast, and brilliant flag unfurled,
 And bellied canvas white,
All strained, from port and clime beneath the world.

We spoke her in the sun :
She answered with her colors bright and gay,
 Then fired her signal gun,
And, rocked by billows, proudly sailed away.

THE EARLY ROBIN.

IN that hour when the western sky
Was richly stained with saffron dye,
Perched on a maple's naked crown
Which bore the marks of stormy days,
But brightened in the evening rays,
A robin poured his music down.

The earth was locked in binding frost ;
The keys to floral rooms were lost ;
And snow was lingering here and there ;
When from his couch the sun arose
To wake the spring and smite her foes,
With strains that stirred the listening air.

The tree was bathed in crimson light,
While objects faded from the sight
That occupied the distant view ;

And all the hills with rosy glow
Were smiling 'bove the rifts of snow,
For they had passed the winter through.

And there upon the leafless crest
Between me and the flaming west,
The robin sang his liquid song
With notes so full, so clear and high,
A music fountain in the sky
Which flowed and sparkled, sweet and strong.

From groves beneath the Southern sun,
When Northern frost reined in the run
Of streams which galloped wild and long,
This warbler came with happy wing,
To herald the approach of spring
With crowded notes of joyful song.

It threw a charm upon the scene,
Where dreariness for months had been,
And sent to every heart a thrill:
And then it ceased, and flew away
To woods of gloom where died the day,
And darkness flowed in deep and still.

We caught the scent of Southern bloom
From wandering zephyrs seeking room
'Mong Northern fields and budding trees,
Where mated birds build careful nests,
Pour songs from richly colored breasts,
And blossoms feed the hungry bees.

And thus the snows of life shall pass
From frowning sky and withered grass
Of hearts too sad to smile and sing,
When stinging frosts of hate and pain,
Shall melt in mercy's light and rain,
And we shall have a glorious spring.

VIRTUE.

*Virtus non advenit a natura, neque a doctrina, sed a numine
divino.—SENECA.*

SHE is an angel from the land,
Where oceans wash a golden shore ;
And comes with smiles and jewelled crown,
And knocks with love at every door.

And, like the sun that drops his rays
To cheer and bless the dewy field,
She pours her light in every heart,
That holy seed may sprout and yield.

Where Virtue reigns, she gives a charm
To active life and earnest thought,
And lifts the men of every rank,
Who for the right and good have wrought.

She hands to great and small a lamp
That burns through all the troubled night,
That men may walk with certain step,
Till Morning swings her gates of light.

She gives her wealth to lord and serf,
And helps the world to toil and rise ;
She builds a ladder from the earth
For men to climb and reach the skies.

She leads the mind o'er fields of thought,
And strikes with cheer the road of fame ;
She calls from man the noble deed,
Then carves for him a peerless name.

When cruel Wrong returns the sword,
And heartless Might vacates the throne,
And Baseness drops the reins and flees,
Virtue will call and crown her own.

Then Truth will take her royal seat,
And Thought will touch the spring of power ;
Then Progress plough her virgin fields,
And Glory gild the passing hour.

Come burn the lash and break the yoke
Which deeply pained the waiting years,
And beat the swords to pruning hooks,
Which caused the flow of bitter tears.

The night has passed with tents of gloom ;
The morn has come on wheels of gold ;
Now Learning opes her classic doors,
And Virtue rules her peaceful fold.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

THE winds unloosed came from the west ;
The sky hung black and low ;
The world in sleep had passed to rest,
And all the streams moved slow.

The wing of darkness was outspread
O'er hills deep smote with fear ;
The river murmured in her bed,
To willows drooping near.

Soon clouds in heavy masses piled,
Came moving up the sky ;
And thunder belching loud and wild,
Announced the storm was nigh.

From ramparts hidden and unknown,
The lightning leaped and blazed,
Like flash of guns with terror sown,
When towns are sieged and razed.

The strong wind swayed the mighty limbs
Of all the giant trees,
And wailed like grief in funeral hymns,
And stirred the sleeping seas.

The cattle lowed on hills away,
And shook their horns in fright ;
The startled birds left hidden spray,
And struck the robe of night.

Where smiting drought in silence came
To stop the summer mirth,
With stunning crash and blinding flame,
The rain poured down to earth.

Then gladdened brooks began to sing
Through woods and vales unseen :
The storm passed on with broken wing,
And left all bright and green.

THE MELLOW EVE.

ON the road of fading splendor,
 Calmly sinks the weary sun,
Lonely in his massive chariot,
 When the day is closed and done.

On the hills the shadows lengthen,
 Where the grass is green and bright ;
And the trees are flushed with beauty,
 With the flow of orange light.

From the limbs comes dulcet music
 Of the linnet and the thrush,
And a soothing calm is stealing
 Through the evening's mellow flush.

And the clouds which lonely wander,
Like the flocks with fleece of snow,
See the sun in dying glory ;
Then they pass with crimson glow.

All the world grows sweetly tranquil,
Splendor changing on the leaves,
When up from the shaded valley,
Comes the reaper from his sheaves.

And the corn which played with breezes,
Tripping from the sun-kissed hill,
Seems to stop its constant rustling,
And to grow composed and still.

The hour glides serene and peaceful ;
Fruit bends down the orchard boughs,
When the ploughman leaves the furrow,
Driving home the lowing cows.

Through the mead the stream is flowing,
Fringed with bending willows green,
And, with flash and ceaseless murmur,
Adding beauty to the scene.

All the shadows strangely mingle ;
Drowsy hills lean back at rest ;
Joyous birds have ceased their singing,
And have sought the hidden nest.

The hour goes unheard and pensive ;
The sky wears a garb of gray ;
The sun drops behind the uplands,
And then shuts the gates of day.

All is hushed and deeply solemn,
And cares 'neath the shimmering beam
Drop, like leaves from shaken branches,
Down on Time's oblivious stream.

When Life draws its evening curtains,
And uplifts its holy psalm,
May its closing be as peaceful,
And its hour as bright and calm !

THE REIGN OF TRUTH.

Διηφόν φίλον δύτοιν, δσιον προτιμάν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.

ARISTOTLE.

A QUEEN with winning lips and sparkling eyes,
Comes from a stainless realm, with sandalled feet,
O'er hills of years, with glow of morning skies,
And finds in many lands an honored seat.

She comes with starry breast and burnished shield,
Whose arrows pierce through Error's shining mail ;
She drops him from his car on clashing field,
And leaves the Age to tell the thrilling tale.

She tears away the shrines of wrong and lust,
And scatters what their slavish children feared ;
She beats down cruel dungeons in the dust,
Which Might and Hate with tearless vengeance
reared.

She opes the prison of the suffering mind,
And strikes the fetters from its godlike powers ;
She breaks the cords of Ignorance, which bind
The wings of thought where Superstition lowers.

She comes through darkened times, with silent tramp,
To light the hills, and bridge destructive streams,
Where Liberty may cross with burning lamp,
And rain on Millions her inspiring beams.

Beneath the reign of Truth, the mind expands,—
A flower of beauty with its lines of grace ;
While Thought gives glory to all studious lands,
And paths of greatness to the thinking race.

The soul by bigots is no longer wrenched,
And seized and hushed are tyrants' murderous guns ;
The fagot burning at the stake is quenched,
And freedom sprouts beneath complacent suns.

Unbound is Science with her glittering robe ;
Unlocked is Progress with her conquering wheel :
Invention drives her chariot round the globe ;
Religion fires the world with her appeal.

The universe, endowed with potent charms,
And deeply veiled behind her rings and seals,
Unpins her mantle from her snowy arms,
And all her beauty, grace, and strength reveals.

She flashes light from her resplendent brow,
And whispers love with her bewitching lips ;
She guides the moon with its resplendent prow,
Which on the deep of night unsounding dips.

Truth rides the main above its plunging waves,
And takes the ship to shores of wealth and cheer,
And leaves behind, with flowers, the cherished graves,
Where hope a rainbow hangs in every tear.

She knows the length and width of earthly rooms,
Where fire and flood have left on granite shelves
Medallions, pink-mouthed shells, and fossil blooms,
Where trooped from cave and stream swift-footed
elves.

She knows the height and stretch of starry roofs,
'Neath which the storm's black coursers leap and
tear,
And rush with flaming eyes and thundering hoofs
Over the sapphire bridge of stainless air.

The power of Truth no angel comes to tell,
As through the Earth she goes with noiseless feet :
She stops the fires and groans of raging hell,
And builds a shrine where holy spirits meet.

She turns from palaces of pride and stain,
Where joyous founts are closed, and love lies dead,
And calls from listening skies sweet mercy's rain
To grow the rose of peace for virtue's head.

She scans the fattened ground of tombless bones,
Where love of right swept through the blinding
flame ;
She spurns the bribing gold of wicked thrones,
And wreathes in glory every patriot name.

She smites the darkness and the gloom of night,
And summons happy dawn with purple wings ;
She hands the pure and good a lamp of light,
And from the cottage lifts the brainèd kings.

And thus she rules and cheers from east to west,
And gives the just and true her smile and nod ;
And through the clash of years, with shield and crest,
She brings the world redeemed and crowned to
God.

FAMINE.

THE skies all glowed and throbbed with parching heat ;
The earth was scorched and burned by solar fire ;
And life departed from the barren fields,
And from the curling leaves of shrunken woods ;
While Famine stared on men with tearless eyes,
And Suffering followed swift in anxious steps.

The plough stood still in rows of heated dust ;
The corn was burned, and mocked all earnest toil ;
The fruit on trees began to shrink and fall,
Like valued pearls shook from a tattered garb ;
The grass was faded like an ancient scarf
Hung in the piercing light of kingly rooms ;
And all the leaves turned sear and crisp, and fell,
And strangely rustled o'er the blighted land.

The clouds had died, and left no legacy
Of rain for needy hills with famished herds ;
The streams had fled with all their laughing waves,
And left in beds, to plague, the naked rocks ;
While Drought, unheard, put forth his withered hand,
And stopped the grinding of the faithful mill.

The cattle lowed, and shook their horns, and died ;
The horses neighed, and 'neath their riders fell ;
And birds fell down from heat in searching flight
For food o'er fields which mocked their hungry bills ;
And trusting friendship then grew strange and cold,
And only Love remained with tender heart
And helping hand, a fountain pure and sweet,
With all the world in strife with cruel Death.

In cities, wheels were hushed, and feet were still ;
For Traffic with his power was in his grave ;
And streets looked vacant like the sterile vales,
Except where slowly moved the funeral train,
With dismal hearse that rolled with raven plumes,
Beneath a sun that poured his torrid rays
On empty stone which burned the weary hoofs.

At night the dead arose with piteous look,
And lifted shrivelled hands in urgent prayer ;
And, moving pallid lips with startling words,

They silent shrank to their unvoiced abodes,
Where heartless Famine never raps a door,
And heaving Trouble never rolls a wave.

The thirsty moon looked down with saddened face,
Unveiled, with heated crown and parchèd lips ;
And Hunger passed alone with glaring eyes
And famished jaws, upon a woeful road,
Where fell the shadows of the rueful trees ;
Then Sorrow came with tears in murky veil,
With pallid cheek, and gave the mournful sigh
Which pained the opened ear of troubled night.
They both were gone.

Then came the startling tread
Of Death's pale Horse down from the dismal hills,
Unreined, with frightful speed and flying mane,
The rider scattering wreck with bony hands ;
While from his eyes there came no glowing light,
But smiting gloom ; and then a ghastly smile
Played round his mouth, and on his hollow breast
Dropped down, and mingled there with dread and
dust.

The Bell of Time, hung in the azure dome,
Struck ; and the blow like thunder shook the hills,
Unloosed the mountains, drove the frightened stars

From sight, upheaved the clouds with angry frown
That flamed, and oped the dark and ponderous gates
Of swift and awful havoc to the world.

I woke ; and Morn stood at the welcome door :
Her beauteous arms were filled with flowers and
sheaves ;
And from her dewy girdle thickly hung
The fruits of Summer with their luscious glow ;
And all the world was full of joyous life
And radiant peace, with Plenty smiling on
The sons of men.

QUATRAINS.**THE DEATH OF A STAR.**

I SAT at night alone, with weary hands,
And saw a star enthroned with pomp and pride:
The sun arose unheard from sleeping lands,
And smote the star; and soon it paled, and died.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Sleep dreamed and smiled upon the pillow case,
When care and toil were banished from the breast:
Then Death came pale, and took his brother's place,
And many thought that Sleep was still at rest.

A WINTER EVENING.

How pale and weak becomes the lamp of day,
With oil and wick far spent and burning low,
With glory flickering in the yellow ray,
And dying on the peaceful bed of snow!

DEAD ON THE FIELD.

The smoke of battle lifts above the plain,
With notes of bugles flying o'er the lea ;
The soldiers bend like trees beneath the rain ;
Their leader dies to make his country free.

NIGHT AND MORN.

Night shades the world, and hushes hoofs and wheels,
And strikes, with sable robe, the frightened corn,
Till down the eastern slopes bright Venus steals,
And Phœbus opes the dewy lids of morn.

THE OLD HARPER.

WELCOME all the aged harper,
As he comes with shrivelled hands ;
Listen to his rapturous playing,
And his songs of glorious lands.

Mark the rising of his spirit,
As he picks melodious strings ;
See the heaving of his bosom,
When song lifts her startling wings.

Music comes in joyous measure,
Hanging smiles on cherry lips :
It o'erflows the swelling bosom ;
From the heart it sweetly drips.

It has power to conquer passion,
Thaw the frozen stream of love,
Clothe the soul in reverent beauty,
Ope the starry gates above.

It can stop the tear of sorrow,
Smooth the sullen frown of scorn ;
It can smite the night of anguish,
Pitch the saffron tents of morn.

Gone now is the aged harper,
Wandering through a world of wrong,
To unlock the iron bosom
With the golden key of song.

THE FUCHSIA IN WINTER.

It hangs there by a tiny stem
Against the frosted pane,
When storms shake down the crystal gem,
And cover earthly stain.

What finished grace in every part,
With color's thrilling glow !
The dainty work of charming art
In bloom above the snow.

The waxen calyx, creamy white,
Bends back from scarlet leaves,
Untouched by cold's remorseless blight,
Where Nature paints and weaves.

The gentle stamens long and trim,
And tinted rich and rare,
Come bending from the folded rim
Of brilliant petals there.

Let Winter blow his noiseless flakes,
And whiten all the air:
Joy in the breast the fuchsia wakes,
With Summer in its hair.

What graceful work of matchless skill !
The gift no wealth can buy :
It fills the heart with hope until
Earth blooms beneath the sky.

THANATOS.

*Pallida mors aquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—HORACE.*

He plucks the pain from youthful breast,
And stills the groan of burdened age ;
He lays the suffering down to rest,
And drives the cruel from the stage.

He takes no bribe, he fears no threat ;
But walks the land, and sweeps the sea ;
Throws back the doors whose hinges fret,
And sets the godlike spirit free.

He raps the door of rich and poor ;
Goes through the earth with noiseless feet ;
He shakes his glass at prince and boor,
Then winds them in his icy sheet.

He's strange and cold, breaks bolts and bars,
Dethrones the king, unbinds the slave ;
He veils the sun, and hides the stars,
And lays a nation in its grave.

ON THE BRIDGE AT TWILIGHT.

WE stood at twilight on the bridge
Which spanned the swift and rugged stream,
When Winter dropped upon the scene,
His stainless robe without a seam,
And covered all the landscape white and drear,
Which sprang from pigments of the artist year.

The banks were lined with leafless trees,
Which bent beneath their crowns of snow,
As if to catch the stirring song
The river sang with joyous flow ;
Whilst in the west the sky hung calm and bright,
Below which rose the tents of coming night.

Then soon appeared the village lights,
Which shone bright through the window pane,
And fell with cheer upon a form
Whose lamp of life was on the wane ;

Whilst westward plunged the river strong and bold,
Where it was beckoned by a realm of gold.

Through woody vales and rocky glens,
From soaring uplands bleak and wild,
It came with torrents plumed and grand,
And rivulets unseen and mild ;
And, with united force from countless springs,
It rushed to lift the ships with snowy wings.

Night threw her mantle o'er the stream,
And hid the crest of flashing waves
Which broke upon the massive ledge ;
Then, sweeping past the village graves
With moaning sound, they hurried viewless on
To reach with gladness the enkindling dawn.

Upon the Bridge of Time we stand :
Beneath us flows the Stream of Life ;
It's made from rills of every home,
And moves with swiftness, love, and strife,
Till death drops night out of his inky horn,
And, passing on, it greets a fulgent morn.

THE GLOOMY DAY.

THE day is lone and dreary ;
Fog checks the speed of ships ;
The heart is sad and weary ;
Rain from the maple drips.

The mist hangs round the mountains ;
Winds through the branches moan ;
The clouds unlock their fountains ;
Hoofs clatter on the stone.

The sun is drenched and dripping,
And hides from searching eye ;
The snow away is slipping
Beneath a weeping sky.

The reign of cold is ended
With winter's wasting form ;
The streams from hills are blended,
And voice the saddening storm.

The earth lies drear and gloomy
Beneath the mist and rain ;
Spring comes with borders bloomy
To brighten hill and plain.

Be brave, my heart, and willing :
Your fields are cold and bare ;
And, though your storms be chilling,
They'll open roses there.

SPRINGTIME.

*Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylva, nunc formosissimus annus.*

VIRGIL.

THE air grew sweet, the sun grew bright,
With skies of glory bending
O'er fields of green, o'er hills of might,
Whose brooks were southward tending.

Love sparkled in the morning beams,
And kissed the flowers in coming ;
While gladness flowed in mountain streams,
Which sent the mills to humming.

The tulips burst their verdant mould,
With grace and beauty blending ;
The cowslips held their cups of gold
To catch the light descending.

The farmer, stooped by heavy toil,
Drove to the field with singing ;
And there awoke the sleeping soil,
Whose smile was fresh and winning.

The woods pushed out their trembling leaves,
Where groaned the dying thunder ;
The meadows, where the spider weaves,
Grew rich in silent wonder.

The birds returned in colored coats,
With songs the country filling,
And poured with joy their liquid notes
O'er those the soil were tilling.

The sparrow sang near grassy mire,
And stopped the heart from sighing ;
The blackbird spread his wings of fire,
And gave his tune in flying.

The robin hailed the glowing morn
Which came with sandals tripping ;
The goldfinch o'er the sprouted corn
Piped sweet, with motion dipping.

The primroses in shady nooks
Smote like a subtle charmer ;
The dandelions near singing brooks
Put on their golden armor.

On gentle knolls of beauteous green,
The lambs were blithe and skipping,
Where joyous showers had lately been,
And left the hawthorn dripping.

The hyacinths with silk of blue
Smiled where the grass was tender ;
And pansies came where linnets flew,
And wore their velvet splendor.

The orchards were with blossoms white,
And called the bees to gather
The nectar in the cheerful light
For months of wintry weather.

The roses woke and blushed with love,
Their fragrance far off sending ;
The snowballs, like the stars above,
Were thick and downward bending.

The mornings flamed with burning splints,
And warmed the fields in growing;
The evenings came with purple tints,
And dyed the streams in flowing.

On breezy hills, with cushioned stone,
Where graceful clouds trailed nearing,
The sheep went up and grazed alone,
White from their recent shearing.

The flags of battle storms were furled,—
Their guns no longer pealing,—
And peace and gladness filled the world,
With earth her charms revealing.

THE GOLDEN ORIOLES.

THEY both were artists, gathering hair and hay,
And built their hidden cot with twittering joy,
When orchards smiled with blossoms through the day,
And brooklets sang with gladness but were coy.

The eggs were tempting in the cherished nest,
Which hung and swayed secure from bending limbs ;
When soon the birdlings came with orange breast,
And listening morn was charmed by woodland
hymns.

With bits of tune, and gold on fluttering plume,
And hungry bills, they flew in search of food,
When sleeping fields awoke in vernal bloom,
And welcomed there the richly painted brood.

They added beauty, grace, and song to earth,
Beneath the amorous love of kissing skies,
When roses, wafting their perfume, found birth,
And all the world became a paradise.

THE THREE GRACES.

Νῦν δὲ μένει πίστις, ἀλπίς, ἀγάπη, τὰ τρία ταῦτα· μείζων δὲ τούτων
ἡ ἀγάπη.—ST. PAUL.

FAITH sows the seed in hungry soil,
And trusts the light and searching showers,
Puts forth its strength in joyous toil,
And reaps when come the harvest hours.

Hope climbs the ebon walls of night,
When clouds obscure her glowing horn,
And spreads its buoyant wings in flight
To kiss the face of beauteous morn.

Love breaks the chain of slavish fears,
And kindly clothes the naked form:
It dries the fount of bitter tears,
And hangs a bow in every storm.

How wise and good are faith and hope
In storms below, and calms above !
From pitying sky, with planet scope,
The greatest comes, and that is love.

THE UNFAILING SPRING.

THERE from a fond hill's loving breast,
Where tired day takes her peaceful rest,
 A spring emerges clear and strong ;
And, rushing down through grassy vales,
O'er which the kingly eagle sails,
 It flows and winds with cheerful song.

The savage in the panting chase,
Here slackened his unequalled pace,
 And drank deep of this crystal spring,
Then bounding on with tireless limb, —
Gone like an arrow shot by him
 At flying bird with gorgeous wing.

Then came the sturdy pioneer
To clear the forest drooping near,
 And open fields to cheerful skies ;

And here he quaffed the sparkling stream,
When weary 'neath the melting beam,
And saw the corn in beauty rise.

As time flowed through the restless glass,
And cows climbed 'long the mountain pass,
With sheep to crop the clover leaves,
The thirsty reaper came, and drank,
And, resting on the mossy bank,
Returned, and bound the barley sheaves.

And here beneath the harvest moon,
With Night on throne of flying Noon,
Came lovers near the rippling flow,—
Where flowerets bloomed and smiled apart,—
And breathed the secret of the heart
In words which halted and moved slow.

The wasting years have come and gone,
And this pellucid spring flows on,
And flashes in the morning light;
While nations with their battle frowns,
And kingdoms with their massive crowns,
Have dropped as from destroying blight.

Change strikes the world of pressing needs,
Of binding laws and swaying creeds,
Leaves crumbling stone and broken chains ;
And yet this stream keeps fresh and young,
As when the deadly war whoop rung
From sombre woods o'er startled plains.

With growing months of Summer's heat,
And hardened fields 'neath Winter's feet,
This spring leaps forth with smiles, and sings ;
And, through the rush of changing years,
Shows man how Truth right onward steers
Through ranks of slaves, and courts of kings.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLHOUSE.

Ἄρχει πολιτείας ἀπόστης νέων τροφά. — DIOGENES.

It stood upon the hill,
Which brightened with the touch of changing spring,
When birds began to fill
The land with song, and spread the flashing wing.

The world was full of light,
And gladness flowed in all the loosened streams ;
The heart left halls of night,
And throbbed with love amid the morning beams.

The school was bright and strong,
And voices hummed like bees o'er nectared books ;
The hours were deep and long,
And hunger showed its sign in anxious looks.

And, when the clock struck noon,
What joyous thrills went through the famished breast !
It was a gladsome boon
For bodies needing food and playful rest.

An army was in rout,
As on they hurried through the opened door ;
And then the leap and shout
Upon the common with its velvet floor !

It was the pent-up spring,
Now finding freedom on the flowery mead ;
It was the fettered wing,
Now stretching grandly in the kingly lead.

Through years of peace and pain,
With feet that hastened o'er that charming green,
The faces come again,
Which glowed with beauty in that rapturous scene.

Their look is sweet and fair :
They smile with ruddy cheeks and beaming eyes ;
They romp with sunny hair,
And eager chase the gaudy butterflies.

We call to mind the room,
The benches, lettered desks, and inky wall,
 Where flowers in fragrant bloom
Were gathered for the master wise and tall.

The class is on the floor,
And hearts are muffled with an anxious beat :
 Wide open stands the door,
And eyes steal glances at the travelled street.

We catch again the sound
Of voices sweet and clear from comely form ;
 We see the sportive bound,
And feel the grasp of friendship tight and warm.

We gaze upon the face
Of one so gifted, noble, pure, and bright,
 Swift in the scholar's race,
Who charmed the heart with song at coming night.

They all are grown and gone,
Like twittering birds, from their attractive nest :
 Some live, and study on ;
And some fold hands o'er the unheaving breast.

Before the dew was dry
Upon the fields of their enchanting morn ;—
 Before the Soul could try
Its wings, they fell by Death's relentless thorn.

How many cheeks were flushed
With Beauty's silent touch on Learning's hill !
 How many hopes were crushed,
When their aspiring hearts grew strangely still !

A bird with blackened wing
And hungry look, beneath a lambent sky,
 Sails in a widening ring,
And shakes a feather down with mournful cry.

There came a sudden chill,
When death struck him whose talents lords might
 crave ;
 When up the winding hill
They bore his body to its early grave.

He came upon the green
No more, with loving words and studious looks :
 He slept beneath the sheen
Of morn, and ceased to hear its tuneful brooks.

How oft the promise falls
Before the fruit matures with brilliant hue ;
And drops on shattered walls,
Where creeps the lonely vine with chilling dew !

How oft the early bird
Ceases its carol from the fowler's aim,
When waking trees are stirred
By song, as morning comes with kindling flame !

What poets quenched their fire !
What statesmen lost their greatness, power, and fame !
What singers hushed their lyre !
What warriors left the field without a name !

How oft the brightest flowers
Are early smitten by the cruel frost,
When day with tranquil hours
Departs, and leaves no ships on oceans tossed.

The schoolhouse still is there :
The brick is grimed and loosed by passing years ;
The hearth is cold and bare ;
The windows shake, and drip with stormy tears.

The door is worn and gray;
The floor is littered, empty, weak, and still;
No call to books or play:
The schoolhouse stands deserted on the hill.

WIND AND WAVE.

THE evening came with clouds ;
A threatening storm marched up the vaulted sky ;
 The winds shrieked through the shrouds,
And waves began to run with mournful cry.

 The thunder burst and rolled ;
The Ocean frowned and heaved with dreadful ire ;
 The Lightning broke his hold,
And darted on the deep in tangled fire.

 Rain fell like winnowed grain ;
The strong ship wrestled with the angry sea ;
 Waves shook their flowing mane,
And galloped wildly o'er the sweeping lea.

It looked like charge of men
On rushing horses, with the snowy plume,
In awful battle, when
The whitened riders turn the smiting gloom.

'Twas fierce and strong and grand,
With darkness mingling with infuriate waves,
When, far from hearth and strand,
Sublimity arose from sapphire caves.

Our stout ship rose and fell
O'er hills of bounding surge and breaking foam,
And struggling brave and well,
With quivering beams, gave all a grateful home.

The Night grew weak, and died ;
The weeping stars kneeled round her sable bed ;
The Storm away had hied,
With broken ranks, hushed guns and rumbling tread.

ALONE IN THE FOREST.

WHAT brooding silence in these ancient woods,
And solemn grandeur 'mong these mighty trees
Which roof the ground, and lock their stalwart limbs,
And turn the rain and light with trembling leaves,
Where reigning stillness leaves the viewless throne
Before the coming of the whispering gale !

How strange and wild appear the forest depths,
Where towering oaks stand with prodigious forms,
And drop a tranquil shade on withered leaves,
Which rustle 'neath the foot of man who goes
With anxious heart and careful step, and lists
For sounds, and looks for sights, with wonder struck,
And strangeness filled ; and where, at every turn,
Primeval grandeur stirs the lonely heart,
And makes Reflection trim her solemn lamp !

How moist and fertile is the littered ground,
Where twisted roots hide from the searching gaze,
And mighty trunks of giant trees are stretched,
All smitten with decay, which wrestled once
With wind and storm, and in the struggle fell,
With regal form, in their majestic strength,
And left the Forest filled with mournful sound,
Like Kingdoms when their rulers stumble down
To death, and drag in ruin gilded thrones !

In this unbroken solitude there come
The gentle flowerets with the look of peace,
Like scattered stars in depths of trackless skies ;
And where the ground is soft and bare they bloom,
And give their gentle sweets to kissing winds,
Where come no gazing crowds with noisy steps
To praise their brilliant hues and glowing charms ;
While they unfold their modest beauty here,
To please no eye but God's.

What wildness, too,
Peers here from rock and tree and mossy glen
And primal waste, where spreads the beauteous fern,
And stretch the tender vine and hardy shrub !
And where decay of speeding Years is seen,
Wide littered by the hand of changing Time ;
And where from crumbling death comes teeming life,

Like Nations blooming o'er the throbbing dust
Of Empires buried, with their shattered tombs
And rusty crowns.

And, as we gaze and list,
The crow, with startling note and hurried wing,
Appears, and breaks the silence of the place ;
While spreading branches, thick with leaves, are
swayed

By movements of the squirrel seeking food.
Now drumming sound on deadened limb is heard
By hungry bird, unseen, with sharpened bill ;
While lonely bee, with droning hum, is seen
In searching flight through this umbrageous realm
Which bars the flying sun.

And here we stand
Alone by massive pillars soaring high,
Which show their regal form and Titan strength,
And spread their potent arms with sculptured grace
To hold, through fearful storms, the wondrous roof
Of Nature's temple, in whose solemn aisles,
And by whose holy shrines, Devotion comes
To praise and humbly kneel.

And here we find
No war, nor jealous hate, nor cruel wrong,

No streams of sorrow washing dismal banks,
No strokes of passion coloring modest cheeks,
Nor huddled poverty around the hearth,
Where want with urgent wings beats heavenly doors ;
But holy silence deep and full of awe,
And tender pathos like a voice in tears,
And purest Love that comes from sinless skies,
Unheard, in charming garb, with muffled feet,
And solemn Thought which seeks the temple Gates,
And turns the soul to find in whispered words
Communion with the Infinite.

THE BIRD AND ITS BROOD.

It lays its eggs 'neath fluttering leaves,
And covers them with loving wing ;
And, 'fore the reaper binds his sheaves,
It has the joy which birdlings bring.

It gladly tends the careful nest,
Until the callow brood is grown ;
Calls music from the colored breast,
And leads them o'er the fields unknown.

THE FALLEN FLOWER.

At morn the woodbine swung its purple flower,
Shaped like a silver marriage-bell :
At night there came a cool and lonely hour ;
And, chilled, it closed its leaves, and fell.

At morn a child adorned the lovely green,
Queen of the rosy, youthful crowd :
At night there came a sad and solemn scene,
Where calm she slept in spotless shroud.

THE APRIL RAIN.

HERE comes from sable skies the pattering rain
Which strikes with fitful blasts my window pane ;
 Making the earth so fresh and glad,
 Leaving the heart so cold and sad ;
A flood of tears with wailing, deep and loud,
From the dark bosom of the thunder cloud ;
 See it rain !

Away it hurries to the distant hills ;
Unbinds in solitudes the tripping rills ;
 Sweeping against the eagle's brood,
 Bending the monarchs of the wood ;
While, from the water of the generous seas,
The hungry brooks are fed through rustling leaves ;
 See it rain !

The meadows buckle on their robes of green,
Where primroses and buttercups are seen
 Peeping above the tender grass,
 Watching the cows as on they pass
Across the stream, and shake the polished horn,
And seek a shelter near the garnered corn.

How it rains !

The storm groans like a giant wrenched with pain ;
Down on the city comes the driving rain ;
 Beating the heated, sounding roof,
 Washing the weary, clattering hoof ;
While littered gutters, rising, rush and roar
With great tides which had swept the earth before.

How it rains !

The storm, though cold and looking sadly drear,
Unveils the features of the blushing year ;
 Clothing the fields in joyous bloom,
 Scenting the days with rich perfume ;
And through this world of struggle, toil, and din,
Letting the months of fruit and grain come in.

Bless the rain !

GERTRUDE.

THE door swung back on burnished hinge,
A light flashed down the silver road,
All pearléd and lined with snowy flowers,
Which bent beneath their ermine load,
Where passed a cherub to the sleeping earth,—
Which showed the lights of grief and flowing mirth,—
Whose form was only by the angels seen,—

Corinne.

She crossed the bridge that spans the stream,
Which flows so swift with sparkling light,
And passed beneath the lamps of flame,
Which glowed through all the lonely night :
And while the winds were hushed, no clouds were
stirred,
And while the angels harked, no steps were heard ;
When soon she came, and cheered our fireside scene,—

Corinne.

And whilst the Winter sighed and moaned,
With wrinkled face and whitened hair ;
And Springtime came with wooing suns,
And won the flowers with jealous care,
And birds with charming notes and colored wings
Began to build in boughs near babbling springs,
This child did grow and bloom 'mong hills of
green, —

Corinne.

She wore no rings on dimpled hands,
But in the depths of loving eyes,
O'erhung and graced by queenly brows,
Was found the blue of beaming skies,
And lips that cooed and smiled with cherry stain,
Where kisses dropped and cheered like summer rain,
And Love bent down in this rich field to glean, —

Corinne.

And from the slender stem of life,
Where grace in mortal beauty grows,
She burst the bonds of babyhood,
And bloomed and smiled a precious rose ;
And, like the good and fair in fields above,
She scattered fragrance from a heart of love,
And gladdened tuneful souls in every scene, —

Corinne.

When summers passed with scented bloom,
 In shady woods and teeming fields ;
 And autumns came with hazy suns
 And golden crowns and pictured shields,
 And brown nuts, ruddy fruit, and crimson vine,
 And purple grapes which throbbed with ruby wine,
 She grew among the flowers a lily queen,—

Corinne.

How beauteous was her graceful form,
 As out of stainless marble wrought,
 With chiselled lines in classic face,
 And lips so eloquent in thought,
 And cheeks which colored like a blushing rose,
 When kissed by the enamoured wind that blows
 From seas of dawn with ships and sails unseen,—

Corinne.

With teeth of pearl, and lustrous eyes,
 And brilliant speech in generous mould,
 With flowing hair of sweeping length
 That drowned the sun in waves of gold,
 She won the eye and ear, like birds of song,
 That pour down music on the listening throng ;
 Then cease, and hurry from the joyous scene,—

Corinne.

How bright and grand this world did seem !
The skies bent down with rippling light ;
The fields all smiled with wealth of grain ;
The ships all sailed with conquering might ;
And Life inspired climbed like a spreading vine,
And blossomed sweetly in Hope's sycamine,
Whose fruit hung black and rich, with silk unseen, —
Corinne.

Then came a morn of threatening clouds,
When Death moved through the stifling air,
And smote the brain with poisoned shaft,
Which hid beneath her golden hair ;
And there in snowy drapery she lay,
A sleeping angel till the knock of day ;
Then woke, and went to heaven a budding queen, —
Corinne.

THE TRANQUIL HARBOR.

— *Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris.*

HORACE.

No waves rise here from sweeping gales,
When clouds hang threatening, wild and dark;
No moaning winds strike frozen sails,
And anchored is the weary bark.

The vessel lies at tranquil rest,
Secure against the tempest blow,
With peaceful waters round her breast,
And dreamy sunshine in its flow.

And so the grave receives the form
Of those whose road and toil have ceased;
Where comes no cloud nor furious storm,
And hearts from trials are released.

No winds disturb this quiet port ;
No thunder jars this calm retreat ;
No cannon blaze from hostile fort ;
No warlike ships with frowning meet.

Here Anger never deals a stroke ;
Here Envy never stabs with hate ;
Oppression brings no galling yoke ;
Ambition breaks no frowning gate.

Here Guilt comes not with ashen fears ;
Here Pride struts not with haughty eyes ;
No Sorrow bends with scalding tears ;
No Hardship prays for smiling skies.

Here rest the wealthy and the poor ;
Here sleep the humble and the great ;
Those who have knelt on cottage floor,
Those who have shone in royal state.

Here come the mighty and the weak ;
Here drop the towering and the small ;
While rivers flow and planets speak,
The grave receives and equals all.

A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

THE country stretched in glory on,
With sweeping landscapes fresh and fair,
Which thrilled the heart to look upon,
As if they hung on walls of air.

The beauty and the wonder changed,
As on we strolled 'mid smiling beams,
And gazed on hills in grandeur ranged,
That backward sloped from rushing streams.

At every angle something new
From mountain sweep and teeming farm,
Came adding to the joyous view
Of peerless grace and winning charm.

And where the plough in spring had been
From lofty hill to gentle plain,
The fields were bright with changing green,
And scattered shocks of golden grain.

With restless blades rose fields of corn,
With swelling ears of creamy milk,
Where for the world the maize is born,
And every stalk was dressed in silk.

And where the woods in massive form,
Stretched dark above the heaving grade,
To wrestle with the angry storm,
We saw the cattle in the shade.

And in the meadow rich below,
Where sings the bobolink so blithe,
And winds waft sweetness from the row,
We heard the mower whet his scythe.

Where orchards with abundance mute,
Stood clustered in attractive green,
There gleamed through limbs of ripening fruit,
The farmer's cottage, white and clean.

Away as cowering 'neath the frown
Of dark rocks, stood an ancient mill,
Where fretted waters hurried down,—
Now grainless, for the wheel was still.

Beyond, the mountain loomed up high,
In kingly form from royal mint,
And stately leaned against the sky,
In flowing robes of purple tint.

Small white clouds seemed to lie at rest,
In lonely fields of distant blue,
Like sheep around the mountain crest,
With fleece unwet by morning dew.

And thus the picture calmly stole
Upon the vision overjoyed,
And left its beauty in the soul,
With grateful pleasure unalloyed.

FALLEN FROM THE NEST.

A MAPLE stood in summer green,
With massive trunk and sheltering limbs ;
And there behind the leafy screen,
A nest was built with choral hymns,
By birds that sang in sweetest tune,
And charmed the day till sultry noon.

With brooding love from four blue eggs,
Four nestlings came, with yellow bills
And tawny breasts and slender legs,
That moved the mother midst her trills,
To search for food to hush their cry,
Till night drew curtains round the sky.

One fledgling with a velvet crest,
Before its wings their growth had found,
Climbed with ambition from the nest,
But fluttered to the dangerous ground :

The mother, barred against relief,
Made sad the hour with cries of grief.

It left the nest, where there was room,
And Love staid by to guard the brood,
When Earth was bright with fragrant bloom,
And pleased to give the needed food ;
But, thoughtless with untimely flight,
It perished in the helpless night.

What flashing wings it might have spread
In boundless fields of stainless air,
And handsome birds in journeys led
Through harvest months with loving care ;
Then building in the maples near,
And adding music to the year !

The lesson comes to restless man
Who witless strikes the golden field,
With luring hope 'neath suns that scan,
And mock who must the sickle yield :
The air is sweet from meadows mown,
But linger till the wings are grown.

MORNING GLORIES.

How glad they climb the trellis work,
With nectar in their hidden cells,
Where with delight and skilful hand,
They open their enchanting bells !

They have no music in their depths
To catch and hold attentive ears ;
But beauty for admiring eyes,
And wet with flow of glistening tears.

With sudden winds from vernal hills,
They swing their bells with merry glee,
And bless with joy the new-born day,
And then receive the early bee.

They give no sound to toiling man
From hearts so rich and lips so bright ;
But spread bewitching colors there,
Till fall the silent shades of night.

They fold their robes about their face,
And sleep whilst hours uncounted run ;
Then, waked by steps of coming dawn,
They watch and greet the regal sun.

And thus they live, and thus they cheer,
With handsome grace and gathered sweet,
Till Summer goes with faded crown,
And Autumn comes with brazen feet.

OCTOBER PICTURES.

THE lone woods change from green to gold,
When sunshine fades and browns the wold ;
While Summer goes with flowery train,
And Autumn comes with yellow grain,
And takes the vacant throne,
Where changing winds have blown.

The restless leaves of every name,
Are gently fired and soon in flame ;
Whilst through the swing of mellow days,
The vales and hills begin to blaze,
Where gone are beak and wing,
And brooklets smile and sing.

These pictures from the master hand,
Are thrilling to the thoughtful land,
As on their glowing charms they gaze,
Beneath the noiseless flow of rays,

Which bring forth, clear and bold,
Their wealth of stain and gold.

Behold, how gorgeous and sublime.
These pictures in the Halls of Time ;
Where Inspiration moves the springs,
And Poetry spreads her plumes, and sings
In language pure and free,
Voiced in the minor key.

O Painter great and Artist grand !
While through the hourglass flows the sand,
Till months are crowded into years,
And smiles are washed away by tears,
May we thy works admire,
And strike the tuneful lyre.

TOLL THE BELL.

SHE died at night, when all the stars were bright,
And lies there white and still,
A form of grace and skill.
She came in silence from a chiselling hand,
All robed in peace with Time's unresting sand,
A flowered queen in Death's mysterious land.
Toll the bell.

She's fair and sweet; they kneel at her white feet,
Which climbed the rosy stile,
And walked the sacred aisle.
Come, gentle spirit of the blooming spring,
Across the threshold, from the fields, and bring
A healing odor on your noiseless wing.
Toll the bell.

She dried the tear, drove back the cloud of fear,
And through years, dark and long,
Made Love's chain, bright and strong :
Now painless and angelic let her rest,
A lovely bride in wedding garments dressed,
With snowy lilies on her marble breast.

Toll the bell.

They sigh, and gaze on skies of dreamy haze,
Where great clouds rise and sweep
O'er blue waves still and deep :
And though the spirit droops with broken wing,
Hope summons music from a soothing string,
Their flower will bloom in a celestial spring.

Toll the bell.

Her face is hid beneath the coffin lid,—
The set of cheerful sun,
When charming day is done.
The air is burdened with an awful gloom ;
The black hearse rolls to the embracing tomb ;
The dear form rests beneath the vernal bloom.

Toll the bell.

TEARS OF PITY.

THEY kiss the withered flower of cherished hope,
Where sweets of life have lain,
And give its hungry roots a wider scope,
And wash its leaves from stain.

They fall on bleeding vines of tender love,
Torn from hearts full of pain,
And with the spirit of the gentle dove
They help them climb again.

They cheer the humble buds of virtuous grace,
Which promise noble fruit,
And drop in mercy on the orphan face,
And tune the silent lute.

They bless the scanty lanes of struggling life,
With shadows in the room,
Where poverty and wretchedness are rife,
Then thrift begins to bloom.

They're sympathetic drops from tender heaven,
And fall on hearts of need,
And, working silent there like holy leaven,
They heal the wounds that bleed.

Oh, generous breast that swells, God's pitying cloud
For every field that's bare,
Till buried Love puts off her dismal shroud,
And wears a crown that's fair !

MELANCHOLY.

PAIN fills my breast,
As fades on distant hills the glimmering beam,
And creeps the shadow o'er the winding stream,
With herds at rest.

Cold is the gloom
Which rises in my soul with raven wings,
And strikes the harp of life with saddened strings,
And chills the room.

Winds moan and rise,
And shake the leaves upon the spectral trees,
Beneath whose branches droned the toiling bees,
When glowed the skies.

The stalks of corn
All sigh and weep, and frightful shadows fall
From haunted houses on the crumbling wall,
Where spreads the thorn.

Dark is the mill,
A startling thing wrapt in a horrid garb,
And seems a robber with a hidden barb,
Crouched 'neath the hill.

Pale is the stone
That stands with sleepless eyes o'er sacred graves,
Where gloom and sadness break in noiseless waves,
And mind is flown.

My heart is where
Dejection broods upon the barren wold,
And Night hides beauty in her ample fold,
And all is bare.

A star is born;
And while the festive candles flare and glow,
And bright clouds come and pass with veils of
snow,
I look for morn.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY lift with monstrous strength their regal forms
Above the wooded hills and sweeping plains ;
And there with heaving sides and battered crowns,
They touch the ermine robes of passing clouds,
And stand in solid grandeur, lone and still,
Like tireless sentinels to watch and guard
The busy nation that unlocks its wheels,
And fills its stores, and ploughs its waiting fields.

And how titanic and sublime they rise
Alone with massive ledge and whispering pine,
And rushing stream which swells the boisterous
flood,
And tangled glen which grows the sinuous vine,
With yawning gorge, unmeasured and unbridged,
Where flaming bolts of thunder fall, and shake

The frightened hills, when the terrific storm
Breaks loose, and goes with fury o'er the world.

Beyond the grass which stops with velvet fringe,
And flower which blooms alone with charming tint
Among the jutting rocks, the toughened trees
Here climb with shaggy form and sinewed limb,
Against the warring frost and wrenching wind,
To reach the summit, peering and sublime,
Where awful snows are piled in noiseless flakes,
To feed the hungry rivers, sweeping through
The teeming valleys with their towns and mills.

Here with the naked crag and soaring peak,
With caverns, deep and dark, where Danger yawns,
With torrents, wild and swift, whose plunging jars
The ragged banks of their impetuous course,
Flanked by enormous rock and drooping fern,
With Wildness peering from the jumbled scene,
We hear no voice, and see no sign of life,
Except the eagle that outspreads his wings,
And mounts his home above the gathering storm.

What years have passed with kingdoms, strong and
great,
That fell from pinnacles of power and fame,
And mighty empires stretching o'er the earth

With conquering legions, shimmering in the march ;
And what attractive names, like burnished leaves,
With gorgeous wrecks from shores of brilliant lands,
Have floated down on Time's unfathomed stream,
Since these imperial monarchs found their birth,
And rose to pillared thrones of sovereign might
To rule the Land.

Here silence is enthroned,
Impressive and profound, where fearful chasms
Stretch dark beyond the sound of rumbling wheels ;
And from their tranquil depths the cooling winds
Rush down unseen upon the heated towns,
And sweep the fields which bend with yellow grain,
And breathe to millions strength and ruddy health ;
Then steal upon the couch, through opened doors,
And lift the silken curls from infant brows.

And in the early hour of waking morn,
Before the stillness leaves the sleeping dales,
And Labor summons the achieving hours,
From all these summits Darkness lifts her wings,
Where from his jewelled bow the rising sun
Sends forth his golden arrows, swift and sure,
Like the unerring archer, from the mist
Below, in dazzling vesture, climbing up
The purple slopes.

And here in solitude,
With their majestic form and kingly look,
They stand with giant strength and furrowed brow,
And from their silent realm, with dreamy gaze,
They watch the fevered course of crowded states,
Their streams, and roaming flocks, and toiling sons,
Their schools, and classic halls, and honored tombs,
And count the cycles as they whirl away,
With armies, senates, and illustrious courts,
With symbols, pageants, and alluring towns,
And leave the shrines of genius, thought, and love,
Around which men will come in other years,
And kneel with earnest thanks and kindling voice
Of generous praise beneath approving skies.

HYMEN.

THE Bells rang out a merry chime
In circles o'er the crowded town,
When Hymen held his torch aloft,
And shook his orange blossoms down.

Then forward to the chancel rail
Beneath the dove's inspiring wing,
There came the groom with grateful heart,
And gave the bride her marriage ring.

IT CAME AND WENT.

A joyful hour
Came forth when Night passed by with frown and
scorn, —
A charming flower
Which burst in bloom upon the Bush of Morn.

'Twas sweet and grand,
And scattered fragrance round Life's sparkling well ;
But 'neath the hand
Of smiting Noon, it quickly drooped and fell.

GENIE.

THE star comes with the evening time ;
The ship comes from the distant sea ;
The bird comes from the southern clime ;
But Genie comes not back to me.

The sun smiles on the velvet lawn ;
The moon smiles on the sleeping lea ;
The lake smiles on the spotted fawn ;
But Genie smiles no more on me.

The bee sings to the floral bell ;
The thrush sings to the fruited tree ;
The brook sings to the listening dell ;
But Genie sings no more to me.

The lamb sleeps on the darkened hill ;
The wren sleeps in the lonely nest ;
The dove sleeps in the gloomy mill ;
But Genie sleeps in my own breast.

CHANGES.

THE tree that fills my basket
With fruit of gorgeous stain,
Is leafless now and lonely,
And drips with chilling rain.

The nest upon my maple,
Where birdlings grow and sing,
Is empty now and songless,
And hears no sound of wing.

The bush beneath my window,
Where roses smile and grow,
Is barren now and crownless,
And bends with weight of snow.

The stream which greens my meadow,
Where flowers their hues reveal,
Is weakened now and frozen,
And starts no creaking wheel.

The house beside my orchard,
Where Love unlocks its store,
Is buried now and voiceless,
And opes no welcome door.

The heart within my bosom,
Where Pity stoops to save,
Is clouded now and saddened
And holds a silent grave.

Be still, my soul, and listen
To faith and hope on wing;
There will be death to winter,
And birth to joyous spring.

THE FLOWER OF MERCY.

It comes with love, and blooms with grace,
With spreading root, in sacred soil ;
It wafts its fragrance pure and sweet,
Through crowded streets of plodding toil.

It grows in every generous breast
Beneath heaven's light and cheering rain ;
It spreads for each its beauteous leaves
Untouched by blight or withering stain.

It smiles upon the weak and poor,
And speaks to them in kindly tone ;
It shares its love with weary man
Whose pillow is the naked stone.

It soothes the beds of racking pain,
Where hearts are bowed with fear and gloom;
It downward bends with gentle face,
And cheers the journey to the tomb.

THE LEGEND OF THE ANEMONE.

AMIDST the flow of smiling light
Which kissed the blushing flowers around,
From Cupid's golden arrow bright,
Venus received an aimless wound.

Before it healed, Adonis came,
Fresh from the chase o'er hill and crag ;
The love of Venus broke in flame,
And sought the Hunter of the stag.

The greatest beauty known or seen,
That oft inspired Euterpe's lyre,
Arose from foam on waves of green,
Where steeds of Neptune plunged with ire.

She left the arts of Paphos great,
The wheels and shrines of Cnidos grand ;
With love in bloom she sought her mate,
And followed him through leagues of land.

Adonis had the glow of youth
And winning beauty in his face ;
Apollo stroked his limbs forsooth,
And made him foremost in the race.

There was no power in realms above
To break the spring which moves the heart ;
And, while the Goddess glowed with love,
The Hunter only aimed his dart.

Adonis panted for the chase,
And armed himself with splendid bow,
When Venus, with entrancing face,
Warned him of woods where dangers grow.

She spoke of beasts, their hidden lair,
Their fierceness, and their careful steps,
And voice which startled echoes there,
Which sounded through the forest's depths ;

Of tigers with their shuddering cries,
Seizing their prey near rocky bars ;
And lions with their yellow eyes,
Which glowed and pierced like maddened stars.

They bore the terror of the storm,
And had the lightning's awful leap ;
They howled in caves of dismal form,
And frightened off the hours of sleep.

Thus Venus spoke with anxious heart
To her Adonis in the glen ;
As streams divide and flow apart,
They ne'er in life should meet again.

Then mounting in her chariot fair,
She drove her swans with wings outspread,
And passed through fields of sparkling air,
With roses round her queenly head.

Adonis, with ambition strong,
Would not her loving counsels heed,
But called his hounds, and they ere long
Aroused the boar with yelping greed.

The Hunter, with no heart of fear,
 Resolved to follow on till dusk ;
He threw with force the deadly spear,
 And struck the beast of ivory tusk.

The boar the weapon quick withdrew,
 With angry jaws that frothed with pain,
And furious at the Hunter flew,
 And left him dying on the plain.

Soon Venus heard the suffering moan,
 And turned from realms of light and mirth ;
And, with no sound of rattling stone,
 She drove her chariot to the earth.

With white-winged coursers, fresh and swift,
 The Goddess swept from plains of dawn ;
When Jupiter his clouds did lift,
 And gave her road to hurry on.

Adonis bathed in blood, and pale,
 His lifeless body warm and still,
Revealed to Venus there a tale
 Which moved the stones upon the hill.

A marble temple, white and rare,
In awful ruin pressed the ground,
With brilliant light extinguished there,
And voiceless gloom intrenched around.

What charming work and chiselled grace,
With arches grand and mouldings fine,
Where Sculpture left its snowy trace,
And Beauty its enchanting line.

With bitter censure for the fates
That heartless willed that ebon day,—
Apollo shutting all the gates
Of cheerful morn with shining ray,—

The Goddess filled with sobs the air,
And frantic struck her jewelled breast,
And o'er Adonis clutched her hair,
Whose golden ringlets swept his crest.

Love seeks her own through calm and storm,
And awes the years with praying breath ;
Love wreathes in bloom the princely form,
And, kneeling, worships it in death.

While Terra was with blood imbued,
Venus her resolution drew,
That every spring should be renewed
This scene, in flowers of crimson hue.

This death and grief none should forget,
For, from the earth's responsive mould,
A flower of bloody tinge, and wet
With tears, should speak to years unrolled;

Like Hesperus, with silver ray,
That fastens up the curtains blue,
Reminding all of parting day,
When Phœbus with his steeds withdrew.

She sprinkled on the precious gore
The nectar from the blooming lea;
And soon upon the virent floor,
Came weeping the Anemone.

*QUATRAINS.***THE LAMP IS QUENCHED.**

The lamp is quenched, the voice is still,
And darkness thickens in the room ;
No sound comes from the weary world,
And every house becomes a tomb.

SHEATHE THE SWORD.

The land is freed from crime and wrong,
And freedom comes from hill and ford ;
It moves the heart, and pours the song,
So kneel in thanks, and sheathe the sword.

THE THREE WEAVERS.

One wove the robes for dukes and kings,
One, garments for the great and proud ;
The third admired their plumes and rings,
Then threw the shuttle for their shroud.

THE VOICE OF THE TOMB.

Come in, tired heart, and shut the door,
And lie upon my marble bed ;
Millions have entered here before
To rest in peace the weary head.

A LOST SHIP.

A noble ship unfurled her handsome sails,
And moved forth grandly for a foreign shore ;
She struck the ocean with his heaving gales,
And when they died she ne'er was heard of more.

THE GIFTS OF THE TREE.

THE tree gives shelves for costly stores,
And chairs for kings in gilded courts,
And colored woods for palace floors,
And massive beams for frowning forts,
With tables ready for delicious feasts and glowing
thought,
For all who live in sumptuous home, or love in
lowly cot.

The tree gives bows for massive yokes,
And keels for ships on billowed seas,
And altar rails, and chariot spokes,
And honey from untiring bees,
Embellished leaves and ripened nuts from Storm's
disjoining tread,
A cradle for the living, and a coffin for the dead.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

HATRED's at the door ;
We have heard him jeer before ;
He is cold and lean ;
Let us drive him from the scene.

Falsehood's at the door ;
We have heard him speak before ;
He is blear and gray ;
Let us drive him quick away.

Mercy's at the door ;
We have heard her step before ;
She is pale and thin ;
Let us rise and ask her in.

Friendship's at the door ;
We have heard her knock before ;
She is fair and bland ;
Let us rise and take her hand.

OVERTAKEN.

Τοῖς δὲ κακοῖς βίβασι δίκης τέλος οὐχὶ χρωμοτὸν.

— **ORPHEUS.**

WHEN Darkness loosed his potent flood,
 And swept the land from heated strife ;
 And Murder spilt the precious blood,
 And robbed the world of sacred life ;
 And Horror rose with whitened cheek and bursting
 eye ;
 Then Justice drew her awful bow from frowning sky ;
 The noiseless arrow struck in spite of sleepless
 pains ;
 And Murder, trembling, climbed and died with
 clanking chains.

And thus comes Nemesis with feet
 Shod, as the Ancients said, with wool,
 And follows Crime in field and street,
 When Night of witnesses is full,

And brings him facing judgment 'neath accusing stars,
In spite of darkness, hiding masks, or iron bars ;
And wreaks upon the rich and poor, the weak and strong,
An awful vengeance, with the smiting hand, for wrong.

• FROM GREEN TO GOLD.

THE tree in stately beauty stood
Through all the summer days,
A noble picture of the wood
Which caught the burning rays,
And silent dropped the grateful shadow down,
To bless the weary of the heated town.

With viewless hands the darkest green
Was woven in its robe ;
And there beneath the flowing sheen,
It beautified the globe ;
Whilst on its crest there came from morn's return,
A flash of splendor from his dazzling urn.

And grand it looked with kingly crown,
As onward wheeled the sun,
And poured his beams of fulgence down,
To ripen, in his run,

The leaves which ventured when the skies were
cold ;
And then in silence passed from green to gold. •

It was beneath the light and rain,
It took this wondrous change ;
Its foliage showed the carmine stain,
And soon, how rich and strange,
From gorgeous paints the palette holds with care,
It broke in flame, and stood in glory there.

From summer bloom to autumn glow,
With ripeness in the fields,
The lesson comes, with winds that blow,
To man who gladly yields
To laws of culture, by experience told,
To pass in life, with love, from green to gold.

AUTUMN IS ENDED.

Down drop the painted leaves ;
The world lies stripped and wounded, cold and bare ;
Piled are the golden sheaves ;
And passed is every object sweet and fair.

Now faded are the flowers
And grass on sloping hills and tranquil dales ;
And songless are the bowers,
Where lovers came and breathed their secret tales.

The fruits are ripe and gone ;
The fields have lost their wealth and vernal cheer ;
The stars throw smiles upon
The full-armed gleaners of the harvest year.

Winds come with chilling breath ;
Rains fall, and brooks from woods begin to rise ;
Gloom fills the realm of death ;
And birds take flight for warmth of Southern skies.

There's nothing bright nor fair,
Save fields of wheat that wear their cloaks of green ;
There's nothing in the air
But chill, where rays of gold and love have been.

The seed of change was sown
Through months, by viewless hands, in field and
town ;
And Autumn, near his throne,
Lets fall his crowded horn and brazen crown.

The fire burns on the hearth,
Where tempting fruit and charming books abound ;
Love opens springs of mirth,
Where radiant hopes and bubbling joys are found.

The skies hang cold and gray ;
Among the hills the winds begin to blow ;
Herds strike their homeward way ;
And earth grows white and strange with flying snow.

THE REALM OF NIGHT.

Nox erat; et bifores intrabat luna fenestras. — OVID.

THE shadows climb with noiseless feet the hill,
From valleys where the drowsy winds are still,
When down through burning gates of spacious mould,
The sun has struck the track of flashing gold,
And left the clouds on fire, like ships at sea,
Where awful sheets of flame spread swift and free,
Till all's consumed, and splendor drops to die,
And night, with sable wings, soon fills the sky.

The darkness thickens over field and lane;
The cheerful lamp shines at the curtained pane
Through all the land, where drooping care retires;
And loving hearts commune round evening fires;

With crickets chirping from their tangled bowers,
And solemn thought possessing lonely hours ;
While silence climbs from streets of resting stone,
And rules the tired world from a sparkling throne.

How hushed are sounds of toil with solemn calm,
Where noise of wheels and hoofs, with lifted psalm,
Filled all the day, with yielding furrows blest,
When birds, from trackless journeys, found their nest ;
While painful stillness reaches over all,
Now broke by plunge of distant waterfall,
And baying watchdog near, where darkness teems,
And under roofs tired hearts are locked in dreams.

The moon so full and grand, with face so bright,
Now rises like a ship with sails of light,
And strikes the ether ocean, ploughing deep,
With silver masts and snowy ropes which keep
Her on her shining course midst rippling waves
Which sparkle as a bank of clouds she braves,
And through it goes, and leaves its edges torn,
And sails on smiling, till approach of morn.

THE CAMP FIRE.

WHEN weary day withdrew behind the hills,
And oped unheard the starry gates of night,
And birds with throats of music ceased their trills,
The camp fire blazed, and threw abroad its light.

'Twas where the lake unrolled its scarf of green,
The trees looked weird as upward rose the flame ;
While faces beamed in that enchanting scene,
And coral lips pronounced some cherished name.

The voice of merriment broke loose like springs,
Which ripple 'neath the leaves with dulcet flow ;
And as from wells cool draughts the bucket brings,
So thought drew sparkling things from years ago.

As talk ran free like water o'er the sand,
Came trappers, hunters, and their ventures wild ;
And poets, painters, and their triumphs grand,
And stood around like figures to a child.

And when the flame, without the stirring breeze,
Began to dart and leap by sudden whims,
The frightened shadows, 'mong the forest trees,
Ran swiftly back along the startled limbs.

The fire with artist strokes strange wonders wrought ;
They came like pictures on a glowing page,
And held the heart by mystic ties of thought,
Till fancy peopled an exciting stage.

The wood on which the squirrels dropped their nuts,
Was handed quickly to the sinking blaze :
It rose in splendor, like a sun that shuts
The book of night and sends up cheering rays.

A song was sung around the merry camp ;
The trees bent down to catch the stirring note ;
When through the air which hung both dark and
damp,
There came an answer from a drifting boat.

With rhythmic stroke, we heard the dipping oar,
And into darkness peered with straining sight,
And caught the boat as she approached the shore,
With faces glowing in the radiant light.

A camp fire's burning on another shore,
And waves are running silvered there with foam ;
When near that beach we drop the tiring oar,
In its glad light may we be welcomed home.

THE END OF DAY.

SERENE and peaceful is the landscape fair,
With meadow, willowed stream and folded care,
And swelling hills bedashed with orange light,
When weary Day takes off her mantle bright,
And careful hangs it in her chamber blue,
Whilst night adorns the earth with pearls of dew.

Composed and pensive is this mellow time,
With lulling music of the distant chime
Which murmurs o'er the vale where alders grow,
While beams are fading from the sunset glow,
And winds steal softly from the seas at play,
And lift the aureate hair of passing Day.

Like sweaty mower when his work is done ;
Like weary soldier when the field is won ;
Triumphant Day with glowing helm retires,
When evening builds on skyey plains her fires,

And paints on wandering ships the whispering
shrouds,
And hangs in welkin rooms the pictured clouds.

As embers cool, and in their ashes lie ;
As candles burn their wick, and flickering die ;
So beauteous Day pours out her light and heat
To guide the cleaving wings and toiling feet ;
Then droops beneath the weight of fading crown,
And leaves the world all hushed, with banners down.

How calm and still the noisy earth has grown ;
How sweet and cool the breath of hillsides mown ;
With gleam of cattle in the shaded lane,
And song-thrush singing its voluptuous strain,
With zephyrs creeping down from wooded strips,
And stealing kisses from entrancing lips.

And while the light like gentle music flows,
And grass is left by men in sweetened rows,
And wheat in yellow garb, near silver brooks,
Is waiting reapers with their shining hooks,
The fainting Day beneath the bending skies,
On lonely hill of green, serenely dies.

The mantled trees are mourners drooping near,
Where queenly Day lies dead on sable bier ;
And to her grave she goes, where nothing bars
The coming gloom beneath the veiled stars,
To rest there till Diana leaves the skies,
And Phoebus lights the east, and bids her rise.

GOING TO SLEEP.

WITH the zephyrs lonely stealing
O'er the green and daisy plain,
There's a sweet and soothing feeling
Creeping o'er the heart and brain.

All the senses feel the growing
Of the plant of tranquil rest,
And the stream of peace is flowing
Deeply through the thoughtful breast.

Every object now is fading
From the grasp of blissful eyes ;
While descends a sombre shading,
With the weight of leaden skies.

Stupor, with its hand, is sealing
All the faculties that sweep ;
Far away are softly pealing
Bells which lull and soothe to sleep.

Like the bees in tangled clover,
All ideas seem to hide ;
Or the vines in climbing over
Trees whose leaves are mixed and dyed.

There's a sound of water flowing
In a clear and babbling brook,
With the swing of scythes in mowing
In a calm and fragrant nook.

With the water sweetly rippling,
And the scythes which drop the grass,
Moments, like the cups of tippling,
Float the thoughts like clouds which pass.

All the world keeps fading, moving,
Till the fairest things are hid ;
Whilst the hour is deep and soothing,
Slumber drops the heavy lid.

Fires of love and zeal are cooling,
And the heart beats on alone;
Conscience yields the staff of ruling,—
Abdicates his royal throne.

Now the mind's no longer worried
By the hounds of chasing gloom;
Cares and sorrows all are buried
In oblivion's voiceless tomb.

THE ELM TREE.

It stands there near the modest street,
With boughs of spreading glory ;
And shades the head from summer heat,
And tells a charming story
Of sunny years which hurried by,
With lovely scenes of earth and sky.

It speaks of those of filial hearts,
Who came with budding graces,
Back to the home where memory starts
The tears on kindred faces ;
And love, on steps of granite stone,
Gives joyous welcome to its own.

And there it stands with leafy crown,
A king at noble duty,
The grandest object in the town,
With limbs of graceful beauty ;

Where robins light with gladdened wing,
And pour the songs of tuneful spring.

With nimble feet and rosy cheeks,
Here children gladly gather
The scented flowers of brilliant streaks,
Which bloomed in smiling weather ;
And while the shade moves slow and still,
They watch the hawk which scans the hill.

The tree stands there with rippling leaves,
And greets the weary comer,
And lifts its boughs 'bove mossy eaves
Through all the breezy summer,
And with the glow of morning sky ;
Is picture for the painter's eye.

THE OWL IN THE WOOD.

I SAT at night beside a sheltering wood,
Where fell its awful shade ;
And from a tree which in lone grandeur stood,
A startling cry was made.

I rose, with dread and horror, on my feet,
Where fell the silver rays ;
And in the stillness heard my own heart beat,
Where Weakness kneels and prays.

It cried again, and all the trees stood still,
As chained in breathless fear ;
Back ran the Echo from a listening hill,
And shed a sudden tear.

With eyes which glowed from their deep, amber
core,
And hungry for its prey,
It gave the dismal cry of Pluto's shore,
Then spread its wings of gray.

The leaves all moved, then stilled, like fields of
wheat,
When dying gales are blown;
Then down came silence from pale Luna's seat,
And I stood there alone.

UNFORTUNATE.

THE form is grand ; the brow is pale ;
And lips refuse to tell the tale
Of sorrow, hardship, and release,
In that strange hour of welcome peace,
Which came from swinging bells of passing time,
And sweetly murmured of a hopeful clime,
When Death, whose muffled tread is seldom late,
With iron hand unhinged the castle Gate.

What beauty, strength, and winning grace
Are witnessed in the whitened face,
Whose marble features, strange and cold,
Speak quickly of their classic mould !
Alas ! where snowy clouds of anxious care
Flung down the chilling shadows of Despair,
Which froze Ambition in the noble breast,
There welcomed as the heart's most kingly guest.

Who seeks here with no heart to feel
The pain and grief he would conceal,
When struggling with enfeebled might
'Gainst hardship in desponding night ;
And with no cheering word from loving friend,
The broken faith to grasp and firmly mend,
He staggered, as beneath a smiting frown,
And fell untimely with a battered crown.

When tears start 'neath the royal dome,
O men, think of that distant home,
Among the charming hills of green,
Where oft his youthful feet have been ;
And carry from the City's noisy stir,
The shrouded body gently back to her
Whose stricken Love a fadeless chaplet weaves,
And bury him below the moaning leaves.

THE MOUNDS OF GREEN.

*O fortunata mors quae, naturæ debita pro patriâ potissimum
redita.* — CICERO.

HERE from the march with sword and crest,
Here from the field with guns and plumes,
Our soldiers take their dreamless rest,
Round whose green tents the pansy blooms.

From ghastly wound and wrenching pain,
From cannon roar where they had been,
Midst fire and blood, with drizzling rain,
They sleep beneath the mounds of green.

From battle grounds where reapers come,
From frowning forts where peace looks in,
They hear no tramp, nor rousing drum,
No bugle sound, nor thundering din.

In solid ranks of bristling steel,
They swept upon the mighty foe ;
And rescued, with intrepid zeal,
Their country with a crushing blow.

They served their land with valiant heart,
And bore the brunt with willing feet,
For home and shrine and busy mart,
For truth, for right, and luring street.

Wrapped in the flag they loved and cheered,
Riddled, and stained with precious gore,
They left their land from slavery cleared,
And rich in patriotic store.

The nation stops her busy mills,
Her flying looms, and rumbling wheels ;
And where the marble crowns the hills,
Beside her heroes' graves she kneels.

And there with tears and words of love,
And gratitude from garnished room,
With peace below and light above,
She decks with flowers the honored tomb.

There let them rest in tranquil beds,
Where stormy battle never comes ;—
Where granite shaft their glory spreads,
And silent are the throbbing drums.

They gave their country all they had
Of love and strength and dauntless trust,
And left their nation proud but sad,
When bending o'er their sacred dust.

When brass and stone are worn and gone,
And liberty no longer bleeds,
Their fame will still be dwelt upon,
And bloom from their immortal deeds.

GREEN LAKE.

A MODEST lake 'mong breezy hills,
Whose breasts were filled with harvest sheaves,
And neighboring woods with babbling rills,
Where winds upturned the rippling leaves ;
And there beneath the summer sheen,
The water slept with tint of green.

'Twas crystal clear from hidden springs,
With spreading ferns in deeps below,
Where shadows fell from hurrying wings,
And wandering clouds as white as snow ;
A cool breeze rose, both sweet and bland,
And chased waves ruffled up the sand.

The lake was lined with sombre woods ;
The sun was in the glowing west ;
His rays flashed on the darkened hoods
Of giant trees that stood at rest ;

His setting beams, with evening hymns,
Were arrows shot among the limbs.

A camp 'neath hemlock, pine, and beech,
Where modest violets had been,
Looked on the lake's enchanting reach,
With every shade of beauteous green ;
And where inviting hammocks swung,
The voice of gladness outward rung.

Down to the water's edge there came
A field with cocks of clover hay,
Which sent its odor in the prame
To those who at the close of day,
Threw out their lines, with sudden whirl,
And drew the perch with flashing pearl.

In woods hard by rose ancient pines
That silent watched the century through,
And towering there, with rugged lines
Of strength, beheld the lone canoe,
As o'er the peaceful lake it sped,
With feathered chief, equipped and red.

The twilight deepened on the scene,
And changed the shadows of the trees,
Which fell dark on the lake of green,
And hushed the murmur of the bees,
That had explored the blossoms sweet,
With fringe of gold above their feet.

A catbird mewed with movements sly ;
It sounded like a note of woe ;
And then a robin gave a cry,
As roused by some invading foe,
In woods which looked so dark and drear,
Where no protecting hand was near.

The moon arose with splendid crown
And sparkling shield on walls of blue ;
And shot her silver arrows down,
And pierced the frowning darkness through ;
And when glad waves were running curled,
Took up his mantle from the world.

THE FALL OF LEAVES.

With sheeny morns and hazy noons,
And silver webs the spider weaves,
With crimson vines the season paints,
Down fall in piles the gorgeous leaves.

With every shade of brilliant tinge,
In lonely wood and gathered field,
They fall with disk of burnished gold,
Like garish plates from costly shield.

With smiling face and silent step,
From quiet dales and slopes of brown,
The morning greets the florid trees,
And shakes their charming glories down.

The poplar stands with restless plume,
A tall and showy grenadier ;
The maple droops with bloody garb,
A brave and dying musketeer.

The skies of peace bend gently down
To kiss the fields of buff and green ;
While beauty with embellished crown
Trails through this great chromatic scene.

A dreamy glory fills the land ;
A brooding sadness moves the breast ;
Our thoughts flow with reluctant streams
Through sunny meads, to seas of rest.

The birds are gone with joyous lays ;
The clouds ride slow the smoky air ;
The flowers have dropped their purple robes ;
The sun shakes out his yellow hair.

The leaves are blown through field and town,
Superbly tinted, bronzed, and curled ;
The rays come down from tents of blue,
And move with splendor through the world.

THE SNOW STORM.

WINDS from the north do blow;
See whirl and dance of snow;
 Now driving, leaping down,
 And whitening farm and town,
And from the leaden clouds which crowd the sky,
Hiding familiar things from foot and eye.

The paths are lost and gone;
The streets have no one on
 Their hidden, soundless stone,
 Where piles of flakes are blown
From fields of gray, where move the viewless stars,
And smokeless battle leaves no telling scars.

Still come the flakes of white,
Like blossoms pure and light,
 From heaven's great orchard trees,
 Which feed no humming bees,

Borne by the wind which shook them from their
hold
Down on the hills, where flocks all seek their fold.

All through the silent woods,
The trees with powdered hoods,
And foreheads calm and fair,
Are bowed like saints at prayer ;
While leaning down are faded golden-rods,
With weight of spotless ermine from the gods.

And see what shapes of skill,
As from the chisel, till
The buttress, turret, band
And frieze and cornice grand,
From the celestial marble-yards, are seen,
Where airy masons from the north have been.

Night comes without a moon
To light the sky of gloom :
The rushing storm sweeps past
On wild and reinless blast,
And shakes the window and the massive door,
And leaves the wind-swept world a whitened floor.

Morn breaks without a cloud;
Earth sleeps in spotless shroud;
Then men begin to lift
The piles of stainless drift
To open paths, with kind and cheering word,
To free the anxious and imprisoned herd.

The world with wakened might,
Is filled with strange delight,
And greets the merry bells,
Where their glad music tells
Of joy in hearts that grasp this blessing lent,
Down from the white mills of the firmament.

THE CLOSING SCENES IN THE GREAT DRAMA.

I.

THE fierce guns flashed and roared from hill and dell,

When Bonaparte on his white charger came ;
The bristling columns swept forth, stormed and fell,
And Waterloo was wreathed in blood and fame.

II.

The cold waves struck an isle with piteous moan,
Where pale-faced Banishment arose to mock
The peerless Genius from the field and throne,
Who slowly perished on a barren rock.

WORK AND WAIT.

WORK and wait when golden suns are beaming
O'er the restless town and herdless slope ;
Plan and pray when silver stars are gleaming
O'er the ships that sail with cheering hope.

Plough and trust, the broadest furrow turning,
While the bluejays pipe and charm the air ;
Plant and hope, the greatest lesson learning,
That the fields will grow abundant there.

Be not dull, discouraged, nor complaining,
For the earth will give an ample yield ;
She will cheer, unfold, and be sustaining,
When the hand of summer decks the field.

Drop the acorn when the rays are falling
On the hillsides of the teeming earth ;
And the oak will rise when seas are calling
For the mighty ships of royal birth.

Pound the iron when it's white and glowing,
If you want to forge the shoe and chain ;
Build the mill where streams are full and flowing,
If you wish the wheel to grind your grain.

Fell your trees when leaves are brown and drifting,
And the earth is grainless, froze, and bare ;
Draw your logs when clouds are wild, and sifting
Snow on uplands through the frightened air.

Spread your sails before the breeze comes blowing,
From the lands of fame and classic lore ;
And your bark will ride the waves, when flowing,
Bearing you to some auspicious shore.

Let your lamp be trimmed and burn the brighter,
Like a beacon on a stormy coast,
When the night is dark, and brows grow whiter
In the waves where strive an anxious host.

Be not aimless, like a drifting feather,
With your heart oppressed by slavish fears ;
But be brave, and face the furious weather,
And uproot the wrong of darkened years.

Strike for truth and right, while brooks are singing,
And let Justice swing her heavenly scales ;
Strike for home and hearth, where shields are ringing,
And let Freedom reap her harvest vales.

Sow in hearts, long chilled, the seed of kindness,
Where the weeds of hate engross the room ;
Then from eyes will fall the scales of blindness,
And the flower of love will burst in bloom.

Climb the heights of power, with virtue steering,
And there on the soaring peaks of fame,
With the troubled skies of glory clearing,
Write, with noble deeds, a shining name.

SUMMER NOONTIME.

How hushed are sounds of sweaty toil,
Beneath the reign of languid noon !
The rays pour down with burning flow,
And woods and fields are robbed of tune.

How tranquil is the heated world,
With welcome shade near purling rill,
And birds unseen in sheltering groves,
And cows in water near the mill !

There is no sign of stirring life
In dusty road nor shady bowers,
Except the flight of butterfly,
Or humming-bird among the flowers.

The landscape sleeps with languid pulse ;
The cricket stops his lonely cry ;
And naught moves but a sluggish cloud,
Or hawk that hangs from sultry sky.

The reapers doze in grateful shade,
Near where the drowsy brooklet flows ;
The mowers rest 'neath spreading trees,
Where sweetness comes from grassy rows.

Now Summer droops on yonder hill,
Where Zephyr lifts her shining hair ; —
She shuts her eyes, and falls asleep
'Neath slumberous breath of heated air.

LAND!

The Day came bright and clear;
The Sea grew tired, and checked his foaming steeds;
The heart dropped pallid fear,
And looked for classic lands of thrilling deeds.

The mind then sought the great
In realms of learning, science, law, and art,
Where Genius lives in state,
And wears a fadeless crown from loving heart.

It thought of cities proud,
And tombs where heroes, kings, and poets rest,
Far from the boisterous crowd,
Where sculptured marble moves the generous breast.

It dwelt on works of art,
And glorious masters in the stately robe,
Who find in every heart,
A throne, that kneels to beauty round the globe.

It thought of hidden death,
And scattered graveyards in great deeps below,
Where hearts with stifled breath,
So pure and good, sank where the corals grow.

One morn amidst the flow,
A lovely child died on a stricken breast:—
A bud as pure as snow,
With sobs, was dropped to the unfeeling crest.

No hearse rolls there with plume;
No bell tolls deep and sad for funeral train;
No sexton builds a tomb;
No mourner droops with heart of breaking pain.

And thus the days went by,
As on we glided o'er the solemn deep,
Beneath a changing sky,
Whose caverns their astounding secrets keep.

At last the cry of land,
With bugle stir, swept o'er the excited deck ;
And, with morn cool and bland,
We gazed with joy upon the widening speck.

Soon glad forms rose to view,
Which seemed to crowd the horizontal rim ;
And then, with valiant crew,
A hundred hearts found voice in grateful hymn.

The good ship struck her pier,
A feathered arrow from a peaceful hand :—
With none to greet or cheer,
I stood a stranger in a foreign land.

THE COMING OF EASTER.

*Non est hic; surrexit enim, sicut dixit. Venite et videte locum,
ubi positus erat Dominus.—ST. MATT. xxviii. 6.*

Now ring the bells in lonely towers,
Where years shake dust from tireless wing,
And startle from their sleep the hours
Which, pillow'd on Night's bosom, bring
Glad news to man, to king and slave,
That Christ has risen from the Grave.

And make the tongue, embrown'd with rust,
Inspire all ranks, both small and great,
The soul is not a speck of dust,
Thrown blindly from the wheel of fate ;
For Christ has seized Death's iron crown,
And trodden his dominion down.

See ! Nature feels the pulse of life,
Now throbbing in her swelling veins,
As out she comes from Winter's strife
'Neath gladsome light and cheering rains ;
And from the grave of silent gloom,
The flowers come smiling into bloom.

The Nations break from binding chains,
Leave Care and Strife in narrow cells,
And bowing to the Love that reigns,
They worship 'neath the swing of bells ;
And with the rose of faith in bloom,
They rise with Christ above the Tomb.

Now Sorrow from her turbid stream,
Climbs rugged banks, and looks away
With hope beyond the marble gleam,
Where Morning in his mantle gray,
Puts on his crown, and from his throne,
Sends Easter to the Master's own.

O, Church of Christ with faith profound,
With windows rich with martyr stain,
And altars grand, with symbols round,
Lift high the voice in thankful strain,
And let the Organ's mighty peal
Bespeak the joy the People feel !

